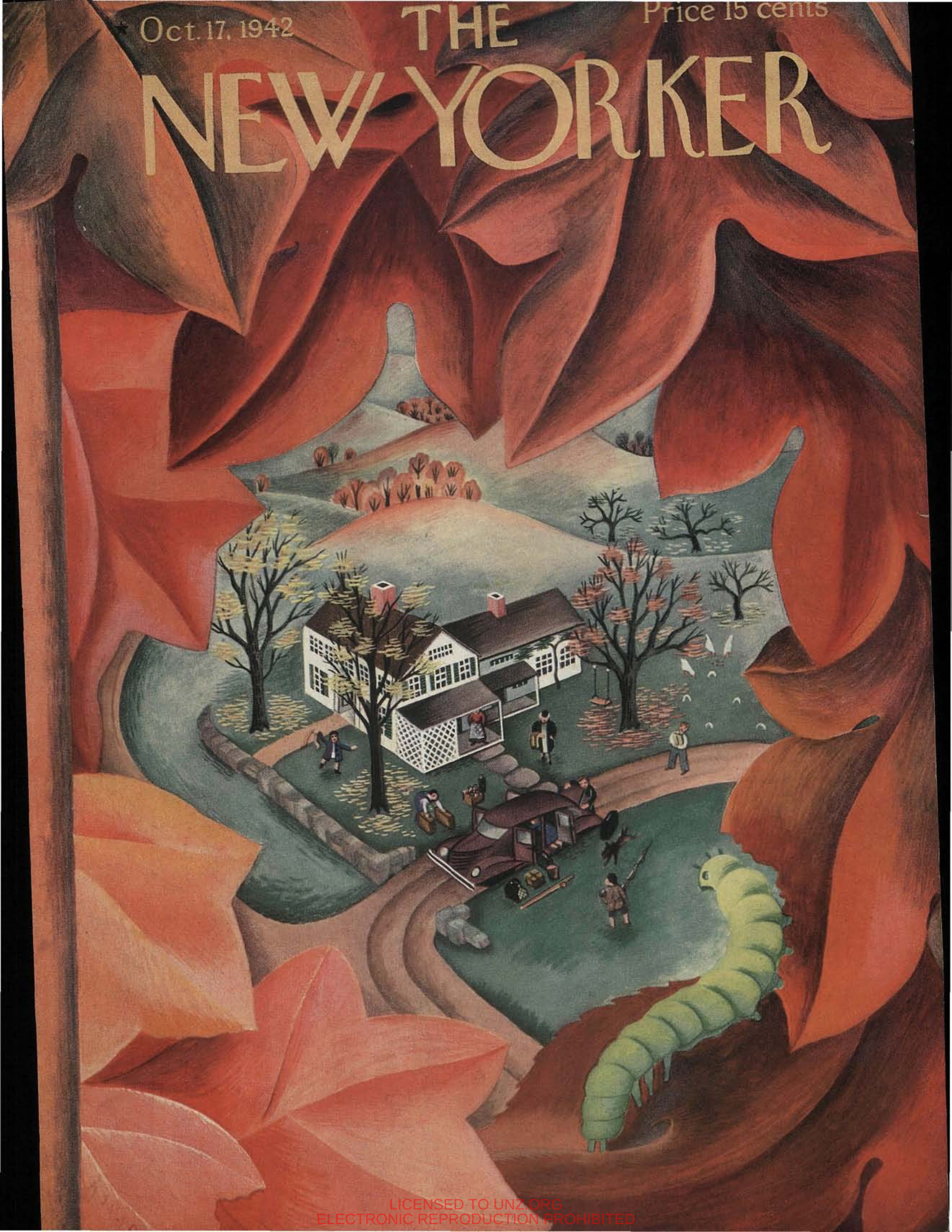
Oct. 17, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tough Customer

Concentrated firepower...a smashing blast of machine gun bullets and cannon shells spitting from one point—and heading hell-bent for the target.

That's the kind of firepower that makes a warplane a tough customer. That's the kind of firepower a Lockheed P-38 "Lightning" has...concentrated firepower that's designed in—not added on.

And it's firepower that is *always* concentrated...from muzzles to target, at any range...because it comes slamming from the nose of that unobstructed center cockpit. It's a battle-axe of lead and explosives that can slice off a Messerschmitt wing, or blast a Jap Zero to bits...and it's another reason why a 'plane christened "Interceptor Pursuit" in defense-minded days fits so well its new official air force title, "Fighter"! Lockheed Aircraft Corporation...Vega Aircraft Corporation...Burbank, California

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP

Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Two Exclusives Addressed to Gaiety

For gay evenings that begin late: our glittering black long-skirt dinner dress, rayon crepe, its lace bosom and little sleeves spangled with black sequins. **$40**

For gay evenings that begin early: our gleaming black two-piece dress, rayon satin, lit by a cravat bow of pastel silk satin. **$50**

Sizes 10 to 18, ready to wear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe are prominently cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hello Out There—Perhaps William Saroyan's best play, with superb performances by Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," in which Miss Haydon and Mr. Dowling also appear, completes the bill. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is now in its third year. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Strip for Action—An ingenious and likable comedy, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, about a burlesque troupe and an Army camp. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Three Men on a Horse—Fair revival of a farce which needs no explanation. Several members of the original cast are in it, including William Lynn, Teddy Hart, and Horace MacMahon. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Sat. and Sun.)

Uncle Harry—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Count Me In—Charles Butterworth and Luella Gear pretty much wasted in a routine musical comedy about a man who wants to assist the women and children on the home front. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Show Time—George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. Just another vaudeville show, but this time well worth your money. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Beat the Band—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and George Abbott, with lyrics by Mr. Marion and music by Johnny Green. The cast includes Susan Miller, Jack Whiting, and Jerry Lester. Staged and produced by Mr. Abbott. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Time, the Place, and the Girl—A rejuvenation of a musical comedy nearly forty years old, with a new score by Joe E. Howard, who had a hand in the original, and William B. Friedlander. Mr. Howard will head the cast. Staged by Mr. Friedlander and produced by Georges D. Gersene. Opens Fri., Oct. 16. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Bird in Hand—A revival of the Drinkwater play, with Nicholas Joy, Viola Roache, and Romney Brent. Produced by Ronald T. Hammond. Opens Mon., Oct. 19. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Thurs., Oct. 22, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Damask Cheek—Flora Robson, Myron McCormick, and Margaret Douglass in a comedy by John van Druten and Lloyd Morris. Staged by Mr. van Druten and produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. Opens Tues., Oct. 20. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating show, with a cast which includes several of the performers who were in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Yeomen of the Guard," Thurs. through Sun., Oct. 15-18 and 22-25, at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Presenting "Schéhérazade," "Snow Maiden," and "Beau Danube," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 15; "Rouge et Noir," "Rodeo," and "Gaité Parisienne," Fri. Eve., Oct. 16; "Rodeo," "Nutcracker," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sat. Aft., Oct. 17; "Schéhérazade," "Snow Maiden," and "Gaité Parisienne," Sat. Eve., Oct. 17; "Rodeo," "Snow Maiden," and "Schéhérazade," Sun. Aft., Oct. 18; "Rouge et Noir," "Rodeo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sun. Eve., Oct. 18; "Chopin Concerto," "Three-Cornered Hat," and "Prince Igor," Mon. Eve., Oct. 19; "Three-Cornered Hat," "Rodeo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Snow Maiden," Tues. Eve., Oct. 20. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ballet Theatre—Presenting "Aleko," "Coppelia," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 22; "Princess Aurora," "Romantic Age," and "Petrouchka," Fri. Eve., Oct. 23; "Les Sylphides," "Aleko," and "Naughty Lisette," Sat. Aft., Oct. 24; "Pillar of Fire," "Billy the Kid," and "Coppelia," Sat. Eve., Oct. 24. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room reopened recently, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A show, with Joe E. Lewis, against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Ted Straeter's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo Beach, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band will play here until Thurs., Oct. 22, when they will move into the adjacent Monte Carlo, which is reopening for the season on that evening. The Beach, to be known from then on as the Casino, will offer a gypsy trio.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Waiters in knee breeches give the Cotillion Room a lordly air. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a show headed by Brenda Forbes. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays for tea dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has songs by Hildegarde and music for dancing by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, along with Señor Wences, a ventriloquist, head the show in this skyscraping aerie. The music is by Del Casino's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has music for dancing by Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, you'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras, both new hereabouts.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Morton Downey is singing in the Café Lounge, spelled by Paul Baron's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	72
THE CURRENT CINEMA	54
MUSICAL EVENTS	68
POPULAR RECORDS	70
NOTES ON SPORTS	64
OF ALL THINGS	53
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	56
ABOUT THE HOUSE	58
SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.	60
THE RACE TRACK	62
A REPORTER AT LARGE	44
THE THEATRE	35

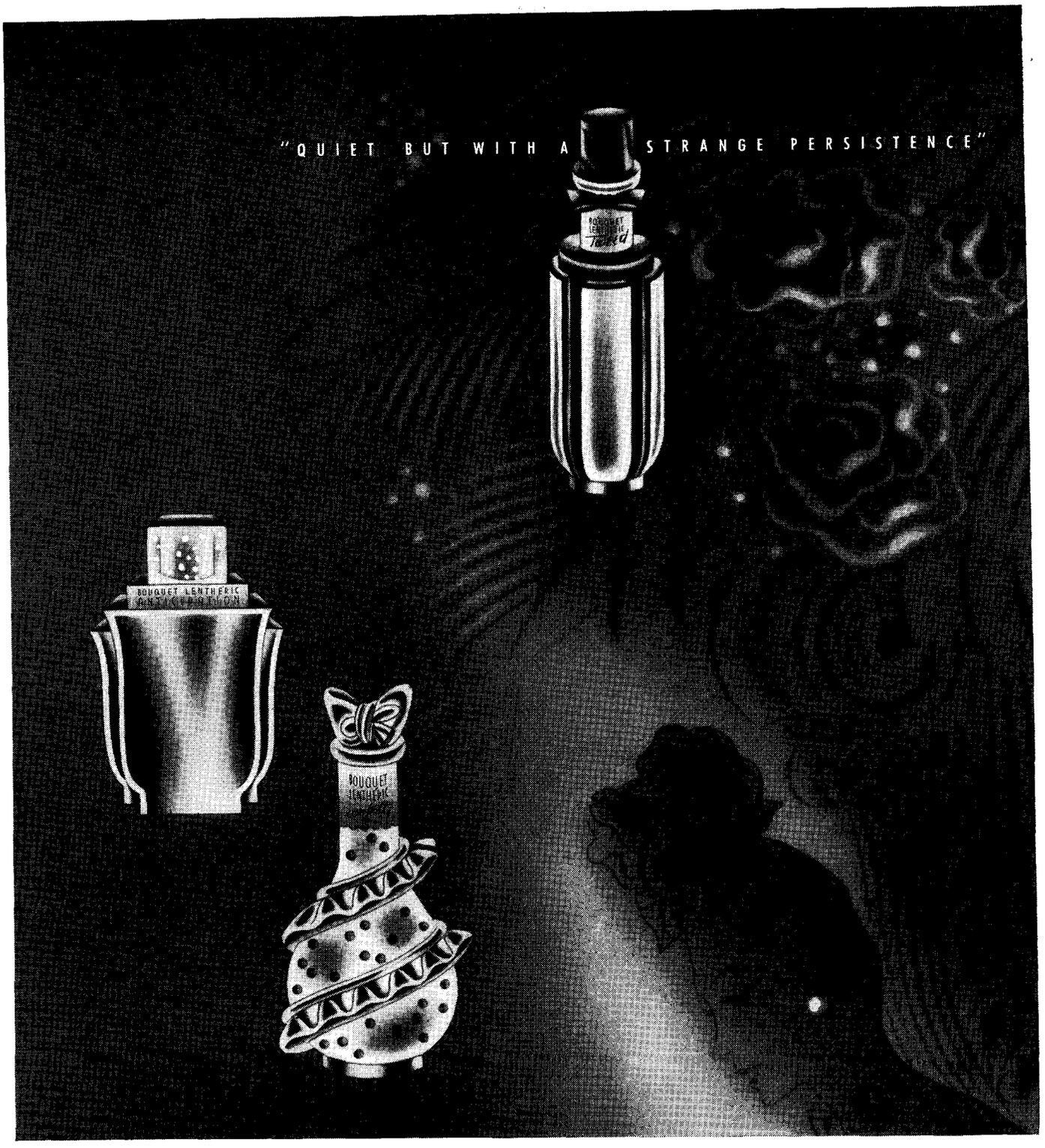
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 35, October 17, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1942, by The F-R Publishing Corporation. in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOUQUET DECANTER PRESENTATIONS... Illustrated: Bouquet Tweed and Bouquet Confetti, $2.25 and $3.50. Bouquet Anticipation, $3.00 and $5.00. Other Decanters: A Bientôt, Shanghai, Numéro Douze and Miracle, $2.25 and $3.50. Gardenia and Carnation, $1.75 and $2.75. All prices, plus tax.

bouquet Lentéric

the daytime fragrance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24.

over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Ben Cutler's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show headed by Maurice and Cordoba.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and Georges and Jalna are in the Wedgwood Room, where, at the supper hour, they are joined by Gracie Fields and Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Beginning Fri., Oct. 16, John Kirby's orchestra will be playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and Fred Keating head the show in this sequestered place. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other performers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; Anne Francine sings and George Morris's orchestra plays. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): mainly swing, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra, but there are also the Revuers. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Lee and Lester Young's orchestra, and other entertainers. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown place, this one with Georg Brunis and his band. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band is installed in the centre of the bar. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unassuming as its name, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio and a swing band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—An unpretentious, agreeable collection of water colors, ranging from Charles Demuth to Archipenko: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

AUSTIN—Drawings, revealing a sensitivity of line that's been more or less obscured in his paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

CHAGALL—Oils, gouaches, and pastels, including his large "Revolution," never before exhibited: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

DUTCH—Halses, Rembrandts, and other masterpieces galore, in one of the largest exhibitions of Dutch masters galore; a benefit for the A.W.V.S. and the Queen Wilhelmina Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

EARLY AMERICANS—Paintings by Gilbert Stuart, Samuel Morse, and other masters: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 17.

EVERGOOD—Recent paintings, in his first showing in two years: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

GROUPS—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: pleasant pieces by Peter Hurd and Herman Maril, among others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12: paintings, sculptures, drawings, etc., by Stuart Davis, José de Creeft, Berenice Abbott, and others. Daily 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 16. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by ten Americans, including Menkes, Jacobi, Epping, and Rotan. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 23. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: a catholic assortment of oils and water colors, in the gallery's annual open exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 23. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: new works by Kroll, Etnier, Laufman, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 16. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: first showing in the gallery's new quarters, including oils by James Sterling, Louis Donato, and Nicolas Vasilieff. Tues., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

HARTLEY—Early drawings, mostly of Maine: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

KINGMAN—Water colors by a California artist, showing here for the first time: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

LÉGER—Two shows—oils at the Rosenberg, 16 E. 57 (weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.), and gouaches and drawings at the Buchholz, 32 E. 57 (weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); both through Oct. 31.

MANÉ-KATZ—Oils, gouaches, and sculptures by a European artist long connected with the Expressionist movement: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Oct. 20.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection, and bronzes and prints of Western scenes by Frederic Remington (both through Oct. 31); also, sketches of late-nineteenth-century interiors from the Index of American Design (through Nov. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . . The residence of the Metropolitan's former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, temporarily housing part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor, will be open to the public on Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 15 and 17, from 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing, which includes works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira, and Alexander Calder. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

PICKEN—Water colors, solid, unassuming, but generally satisfying: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 17.

SCULPTORS GUILD—The fifth annual outdoor show, this time expanded to include exhibits from the United Nations and many parts of South America. Lively, varied, and generally attractive, as usual: North Terrace Roof, International Bldg., Radio City; 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Oct. 15.

SURREALISTS—A large exhibition, with works in several media by many well-known artists, arranged by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Sculptures, paintings, water colors, drawings, and prints from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 25.

HERE AND THERE—At the **KOHN**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: water colors by John O'Hara Cosgrave II. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 16. . . . **MORTON**, 130 W. 57: annual exhibition of oils and water colors. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 17. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: paintings of the ballet by Lurçat, Peirce, Legrand, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 24. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: paintings by F. Coradal-Cugat. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Jane Berlandina. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Michel G. Gilbert. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: sculptures and drawings by Louise Nevelson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 27. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: murals by Mitchell Siporin and Edward Millman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor exhibition of paintings in Washington Square, including, for the first time, works by servicemen, will continue through Sun., Oct. 18, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall: Toscanini conducting a program that includes the Shostakovich seventh symphony, Fri., Oct. 16, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Oct. 18, at 3 P.M.; Walter conducting, Thurs., Oct. 22, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., Oct. 23, at 2:30 P.M.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Mahler conducting; soloist, Milanov: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Oct. 18, at 5:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Stamps.)

N.B.C. STRING SYMPHONY—Black conducting; soloist, Elman: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Oct. 23, at 8:50 P.M.

JAZZ CONCERT—First of a new series, under the direction of Eddie Condon: Town Hall, Sat., Oct. 24, at 5:30 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Bronislaw Huberman, Sun., Oct. 18, at 8:30 P.M.; Witold Malcuzynski, Mon., Oct. 19, at 8:30 P.M.; Henrietta Schumann, Tues., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Alexander Sved, Thurs., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M.; James Friskin, Sat., Oct. 17, at 3 P.M.; Emanuel List, Sun., Oct. 18, at 3 P.M.; David Sarser, Mon., Oct. 19, at 2:45 P.M.; Dorothy Baker, Mon., Oct. 19, at 8:30 P.M.; Wanda Landowska, Wed., Oct. 21, at 8:30 P.M.; Miriam Solovieff, Fri., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M.

NEW YORK TIMES HALL—Yves Tinayre, Mon., Oct. 19, at 9 P.M. (240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—On **SAT. AFT., OCT. 17**: Columbia vs. Army, Baker Field, at 2:30; Fordham vs. West Virginia, Polo Grounds, at 2; Cornell vs. Penn State, Ithaca, at 2:30; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, at 2:30; Navy vs. Yale, Baltimore, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, Philadelphia, at 2. . . . **SUN. AFT., OCT. 18**: Manhattan vs. Detroit, Polo Grounds, at 2:30. . . . **SAT. AFT., OCT. 24**: Manhattan vs. Duquesne, Polo Grounds, at 2:30; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2:30; Navy vs. Georgia Tech, Annapolis, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton, at 3; Syracuse vs. Cornell, Syracuse, at 2; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, at 2:30.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Dodgers vs. Washington, Ebbets Field, Sun., Oct. 18, at 2:30 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Sat., Oct. 17, at 2:30 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 21. (The Remsen and Continental Handicaps, Sat., Oct. 17; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Wed., Oct. 21.) Trains leave Penn Station on Sat. at 1:21 P.M., and on other weekdays at 12:30 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Empire City, post time to be announced, starting Thurs., Oct. 22.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York's First Bank
Established 1784

Personal Trusts
Since 1830

Gremlins

SLIDING DOWN the radio beam come the gremlins, those trouble-making gnomes of the sky whose existence is soberly reported by Celtic pilots of the R. A. F. These weird, foot-high sprites busy themselves by fogging windshields, jamming bomb-racks and machine guns, spinning compass needles, icing wings and otherwise interfering with the complex mechanism of fighters and bombers.

A doubtless similar tribe of vexatious dwarfs is constantly at work to multiply the difficulties of investment management. They make old, profitable industries suddenly obsolete. They create unforeseen shifts in the public demand for goods. They invent new materials and new methods. They build entire new industries. Their name is Change. Their activity speeds up in time of war, when the ordinary industrial progress of several decades is packed within the desperate space of months.

Change is the unchanging factor to keep in view in the management of invested wealth. Shortages, priorities and the cutting off of many useful import materials are now leading to substitutes and new inventions. Some of them may grow into major industries, which will prosper in the years ahead.

Now, even more than in ordinary times, investment requires vigilance and quick revision of earlier viewpoints as new conditions arise. The Bank of New York maintains a competently-staffed investment research division, whose studies of changing conditions help to guide the management of trust and other funds placed in the care of this Bank.

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 Wall Street — New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking *Executor and Trustee*

Copyright 1942--Bank of New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(The Scarsdale Handicap, Sat., Oct. 24.) Trains will leave Grand Central on Sat. at 12:07 P.M., and on other weekdays at 12:32 P.M.

NOTE—The open season on ducks and geese hereabouts starts Thurs., Oct. 15.

OTHER EVENTS

RODEO—The seventeenth yearly visit of cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 8:30 P.M., also Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M.; through Oct. 25.

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—Films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare; also, through Sat., Oct. 24, about a hundred originals of war posters by prominent contemporary artists: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

PHOTOGRAMS—An exhibition, arranged by Moholy-Nagy, showing how photographs can be made on sensitized paper without the use of a camera or lens: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 18.

BENEFIT—"Incendiary Blondes," a revue put on by theatre people, artists, and writers, to be followed by a supper dance; for the American Theatre Wing War Service: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri., Oct. 23, at 10 P.M.

NAVY DAY PARADE—Regular forces from the Army and Navy and members of the Red Cross, A.W.V.S., and other voluntary services will march down Fifth Avenue, from 86th to 62nd Sts., on Sat., Oct. 24, at 2:30 P.M. The reviewing stand will be at 67th St.

ON THE AIR—Rodzinski conducting the Cleveland Symphony in the Shostakovich seventh symphony, Sun., Oct. 18, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . "The Murder of Lidice," a new poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay, will be read by prominent actors, with orchestral accompaniment, Mon., Oct. 19, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . The Harvard-Dartmouth football game, Sat., Oct. 17, at 2:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, daily at 7 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs., at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:30 P.M., WOR; Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Rare books from a private collection, including works on ornithology, costumes, and printing: Thurs., Oct. 15, at 2 P.M. . . . French furniture, tapestries, silver, and Oriental and European rugs, owned by Miss A. -M. Hegeman, Mrs. Josephine Thord-Gray, and others; also, antique brocades, velvets, and other textiles, from the collection of the late Herman A. Elsberg: Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 15-16, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings, including some by Velásquez, Whistler, Gainsborough, and Constable, and French and English furniture, owned by the estate of the late Herbert M. Sears: Sat., Oct. 17, at 2 P.M. . . . Books, autograph letters and manuscripts, and incunabula, owned by the estates of the late J. Alice Maxwell, Herbert M. Sears, C. L. Ricketts, and others: Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 21-22, at 2 P.M. . . . English eighteenth-century furniture, silver, paintings, and china, owned by the Rosenbach Company: Wed. through Sat., Oct. 21-24, at 2 P.M.

NOTES—Christmas parcels and mail to servicemen on duty overseas must be in the hands of the Post Office by Oct. 31 to be sure of getting there on time. . . . The Rockefeller Plaza skating rink is now open to the public.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—A moving picture that keeps moving, with spies and counter-spies, a few of whom are Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; Fri. through Tues., Oct. 16-20. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 16-22. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; Sat. through Wed., Oct. 17-21.)

HOLIDAY INN—Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire demonstrate their respective art forms in this light and often comic comedy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Oct. 16. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Oct. 17. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sun., Oct. 18.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a vast, prolonged story of England's ordeal under fire. Expert, stirring, and abundant in tears and drama. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Oct. 16. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 21-22.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24.

THE PIED PIPER—Monty Woolley leads a covey of children through invaded France, taking no nonsense from them or the Germans. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 17-20. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., Oct. 17-21. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Fri., Oct. 17-23.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—A successful combination of comedy and liberal thought, with Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Oct. 19. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Oct. 21.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—The story of George M. Cohan and a great display of stage life, reviving the tunes and memories of his famous shows. With James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45; through Sun., Oct. 18.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 20-21.)

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the war. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 17-19.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Very French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 17-20.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 19-21.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 20-21.)

GOLDEN BOY (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Oct. 18.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies. With Henry Fonda. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 17-20.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 19-21.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 17-19.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Mon., Oct. 19.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 20-21.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. With Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 20-21.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 17-19.)

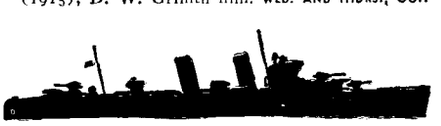
THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Tues., Oct. 20.)

STAND-IN (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 19-21.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Oct. 16.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 16.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., OCT. 15-16: two Italian films (1906 and 1914). SAT. AND SUN., OCT. 17-18: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), Gabrielle Réjane; "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), Eleanora Duse. MON. AND TUES., OCT. 19-20: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), D. W. Griffith film. WED. AND THURS., OCT. 21-22: "The Last of the Line" (1914), Sessue Hayakawa; also "Civilization" (1916). FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 23-24: "Intolerance" (1916), D. W. Griffith film.



CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

SALVAGE—The big drive for scrap metal comes to an end on Thurs., Oct. 15, with the pressure being put on residents of Manhattan, last of the five boroughs to be canvassed, to scare up every bit they have around and leave it on the sidewalk, where collectors will pick it up. This, however, doesn't mean the end of the need for scrap; there remains a critical shortage of this vital ingredient of steel. If you come across any after the deadline, get in touch with the New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), which will send a collector for amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . Meanwhile, there has been no letup in the campaigns for tin cans, kitchen fat, rubber, and rags. To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection. . . . Kitchen fat is wanted for the production of glycerine, which is used in the manufacture of ammunition. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre in this campaign. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept.

VOLUNTEER WORK—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many thousands of emergency jobs now in need of filling should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which supervises much of the general volunteer work locally and also is in a position to help civilians sign up with the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most urgent needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) men and women to serve from eight to twenty hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the social-service sections of the Departments of Health and Welfare; (3) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (4) women to take a seven-week Red Cross course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (5) men deferred in or exempt from the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to put in whatever daytime hours they can spare doing clerical work in draft-board and other emergency offices.

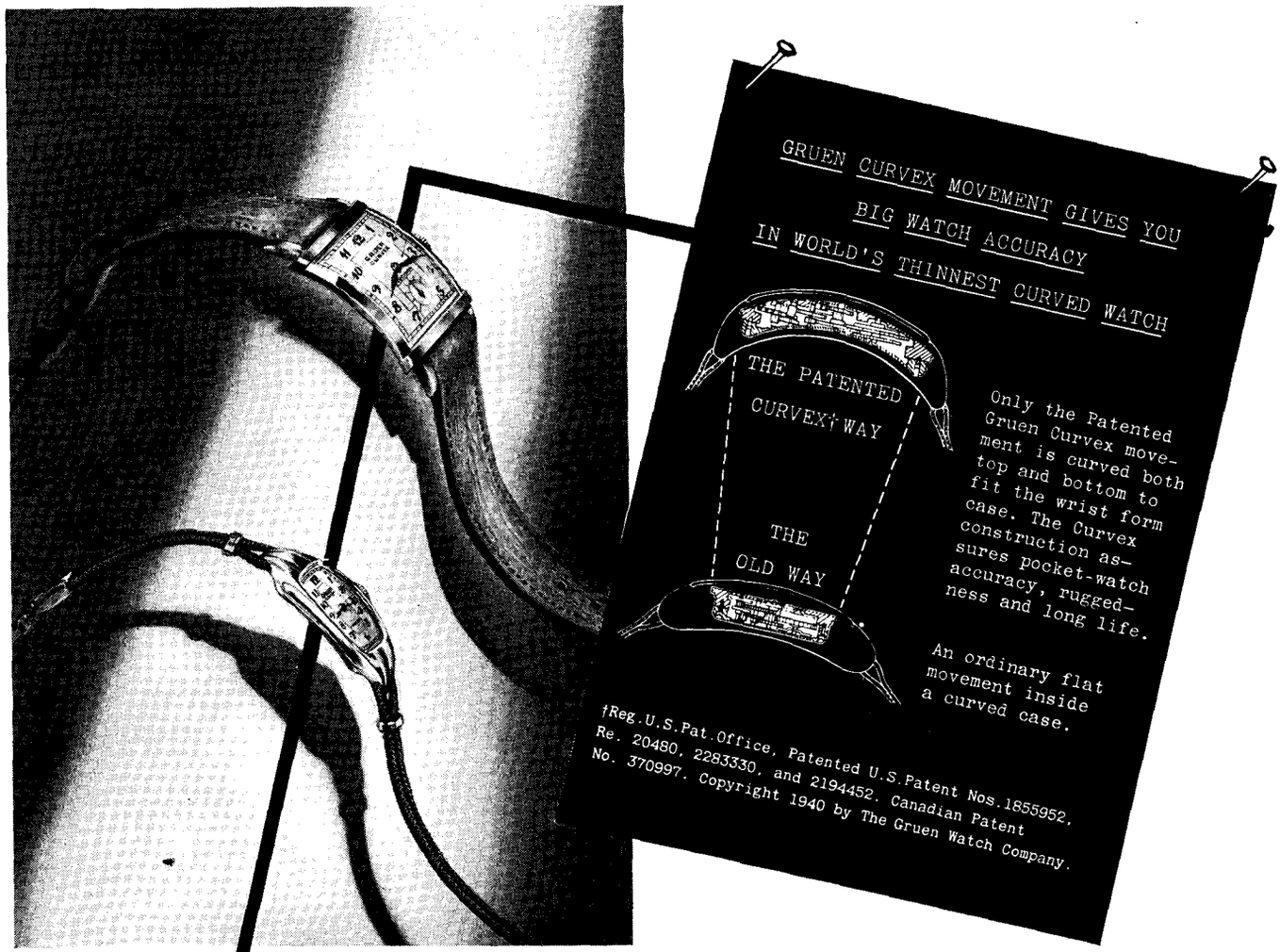
The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can be called upon from time to time for various short-notice jobs.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of running these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued a special appeal for Christmas packages for men in the services. The packages should be no larger than shoe-box size and should contain such presents as soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, pencils with clips, shoe polish, chewing gum, and stationery. The organization also will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, harmonicas, athletic paraphernalia, lamps, and plain wooden furniture which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. . . . Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars are wanted by the Navy. If you have any to lend, call RE 2-9100 to see if yours meet the required specifications, and, if so, turn them in to the U.S.O. booth at Penn Station or at 90 Church St., Room 909. . . . The Navy also needs two-way ship-to-shore radio sets. If you have such a set, send a detailed description of it to Lieutenant Commander James W. Wiley, Eastern Sea Frontier Command, 90 Church St., and his office will then get in touch with you. . . . The Army wants 125,000 medium-sized dogs from one to five years old to train for sentry duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should register them with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not until 1959 can there be other watches like it!


GRUEN CURVEX MOVEMENT GIVES YOU
BIG WATCH ACCURACY
IN WORLD'S THINNEST CURVED WATCH
THE PATENTED
CURVEX† WAY
THE
OLD WAY
Only the Patented Gruen Curvex movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.
An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case.
†Reg.U.S.Pat.Office. Patented U.S.Patent Nos.1855952, Re. 20480, 2283330, and 2194452. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1940 by The Gruen Watch Company.

Lady's watch shown above—CURVEX BARONESS, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case $49.75

Man's watch shown above—CURVEX CENTURION, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case $55

You can own it now for $49.75

PATENT protected against inferior imitations till 1959—Gruen Curvex represents the most radical improvement in 300 years of watchmaking history.

This thinnest of all curved wristwatches not only gives you pocket-watch accuracy—thanks to the Curvex construction—but it also gives you superlatively lovely design.

In fact, the beautifully slender, wrist-form case has been interpreted in designs so exquisite that America's leading fashion designers have titled Curvex "America's best-styled watch."

Could any other watch offer you so much? See the new Curvex models at your Gruen jeweler's today.

Gruen watches, at Gruen jewelers' only, from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones to $4,000. Prices include Federal Tax. Write for free folder "S." The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada, Toronto, Ontario.

* * *

We are continuing to manufacture only such quantities of watches as will not interfere with our aid to our Government in this War program.

GRUEN
CURVEX
IT'S NOT A CURVEX UNLESS IT'S A GRUEN

BUY A GRUEN WATCH . . . BUT BUY A WAR BOND FIRST

***GRUEN . . . MAKERS OF THE PRECISION* WATCH . . . AND PRECISION INSTRUMENTS FOR WAR**

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

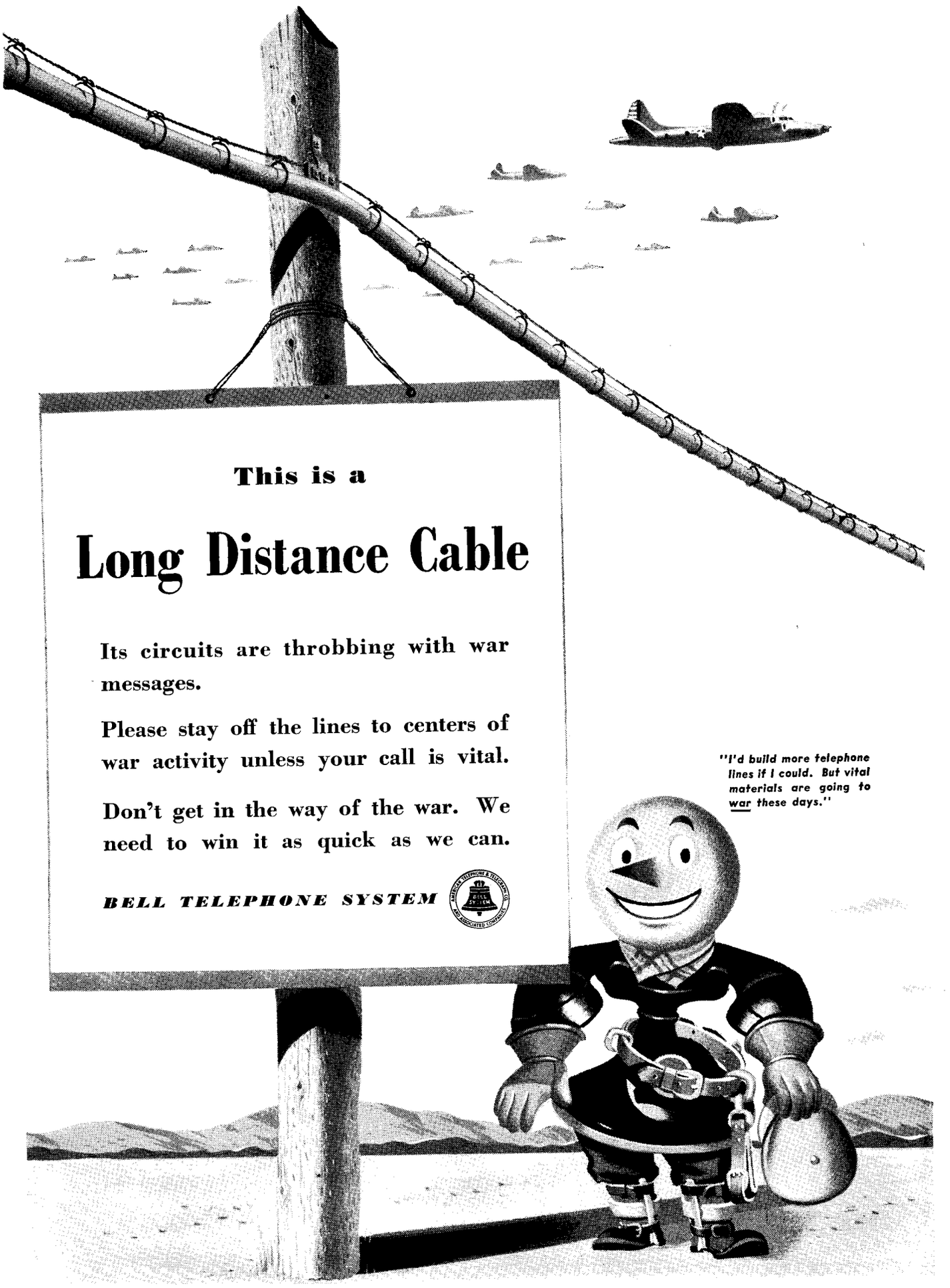
COPYRIGHT 1942, THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We will undertake the refinancing or rehabilitation of large corporate enterprises in distress, or the solution of their intricate financial problems.

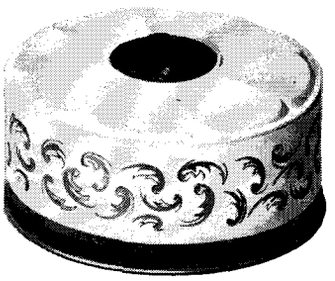
L. N. ROSENBAUM & SON
Financing (Since 1914)
565 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


This is a
Long Distance Cable
Its circuits are throbbing with war messages.
Please stay off the lines to centers of war activity unless your call is vital.
Don't get in the way of the war. We need to win it as quick as we can.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
"I'd build more telephone lines if I could. But vital materials are going to war these days."

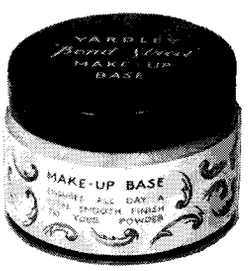
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep your best face forward



YARDLEY "ENGLISH COMPLEXION" POWDER, mist-blown, graciously scented with "Bond Street." Ten radiant shades. At finer shops, $1

"BOND STREET" LIPSTICK, petal-smooth in texture. Keeps your lips soft and inviting. In ten shades. At all fine shops, $1
Matching rouge, 55c



"BOND STREET" MAKE-UP BASE insures all day a petal-smooth finish to your powder. Use it once a day for all-day loveliness. At finer shops, $1

"BOND STREET," a truly great perfume whose formal fragrance blends brilliant sophistication with regal charm. At finer shops, in original wrappings only . . . $2.50, $4.50, $8.50 and $13.50

with "Bond Street" Beauty Preparations

Duty need not interfere with beauty . . . not while "Bond Street" Beauty Preparations (by YARDLEY, *for you!) are sold by all finer shops! Let these "Bond Street" preparations help you keep your best face forward!*

BY YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Van Raalte LEATHER AND FABRIC GLOVES

CHEERS FOR BOTH

Both fabric and leather in these distinctive gloves. Of sturdy-soft rayon Doevel* with dashes of leather or all-leather backs, they serve you admirably in looks and wear. See "Signal Corps" (on figure), and "Trooper" (left). "Musketeer" (far right) in better stores, $1.25.

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

VAN RAALTE • STOCKINGS • UNDERTHINGS • GLOVES 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gay Companion

the flash of jet black bugle-beads on rayon velvet ribbons of luscious shocking pink or clear turquoise blue. Brilliant, exciting contrast against the deep black of this soft rayon crepe. You'll love it for dining. You'll wear it dancing. Sizes 10 to 18. **25.00**.

misses' daytime dresses, third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BACK-TO-OLD-VIRGINNY NOTE: Over the bar of Toffenetti's Restaurant on Times Square is a sign advertising "A Reminder of Urban Life —Planter's Punch."

IT is common knowledge that the share-a-ride taxicab technique at the Union Station in Washington has been a tremendous boon to ladies of haphazard designs. Our scouts report that there seems to be one unexplained blonde in

every cab, bringing to the whole sober transportation problem the chanciness and breeziness of the midway. (Last man to leave the cab gets the doll.) It is an odd kink in the tire situation. Civilization continues to be at best an elusive thing: in an attempt to save it we willingly share our cab seat with strangers, only to find that among them is an advocate of playfulness, debauchery, and chaos.

LIFE magazine set out last week to speak for the American people in an open letter to the people of England. This week *The New Yorker* would like to remind the people of England that there are quite a few Americans (an estimated 134,000,000) for whom *Life* does not speak. Among that happy company is ourself. Our experience in publishing has convinced us that no magazine, no matter how elated with a moral idea, can speak with any assurance or accuracy for a large group of people. It can mumble a bit, and enjoy a momentary glow of power and prescience, but next day the letters flow in, clearly indicating that the people have in no sense been spoken for. Certainly there must have been many people besides us in America last week who resented *Life's* sudden assumption of the rôle of spokesman and who thought its letter was patronizing and peremptory. "We Americans are a strange people," wrote the editors of *Life*, whirling rapidly in their chairs. "But you can't understand us at all unless you realize how much *principles* mean to us." We cringe when we think of the unprincipled multitudes in England trying to swallow that one.

In addition to implying that Americans were persons of stronger principles than Englishmen, the editorial seemed to imply that unless England did pretty much as the editors of *Life* prescribed, she would find us missing from her strategy, which was an irresponsible and mischievous suggestion. It also implied that England was alone to blame for the lack of a second front. For a long while we have suffered rather patiently under the strain of *Life's* possessive attitude about this country—its trick of taking a couple of snapshots of somebody somewhere and announcing that "This is America." We have never thought it was American and do not think so now. Neither do we think that the open letter the editors wrote is a letter which Americans would have written to Englishmen. Our guess is, such a letter would be somewhat less bumptious, and a whole lot friendlier.

WE'VE just heard from a soldier who was fortunate enough to be on hand at one of the entertainments

presented before the troops in Ireland by Al Jolson and some other performers from the States. Jolson, our soldier reports, concluded the entertainment with what he obviously considered the best number in his repertoire. It was "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and Jolson gave it, as theatrical people say, everything. No other happening that we've heard about in recent weeks has given us such a sense of the significant moment in history, though we'd prefer not to be pinned down as to exactly what it signified. Maybe it symbolized the fact that one generation's woes become the entertainment of the next. We don't know. At any rate, let it be recorded that our young men went off to open a second front, humming, in a minor key, a chant about a financial disaster that occurred when they were in knee pants. Mammy!

ONE of the junior staff men here recently received a notice saying he has been recommended for inclusion in a biographical reference volume called *Who's Who in the Western*

Hemisphere. Things are looking up, biographically. This was the first we had heard of the hemispherical *Who's Who* and we are wild to make it ourself, although you wouldn't know it from the way we act.

It may not be such a bad idea, this encyclopedia which ranges clear down through the jungles of the Amazon and across the high Andes. The purpose of it (the letter says) is to forge closer bonds between the peoples of North and South America. So far we don't know how that part of the scheme is working out, but we *will* say that the young man who made it looks neater than he did—has fewer spots on his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trousers and is generally improved in appearance. He'll be global yet.

SUGGESTED title for a profitable publishing venture: *Who's Who in the Whole Damn World.*

Democratic Curriculum

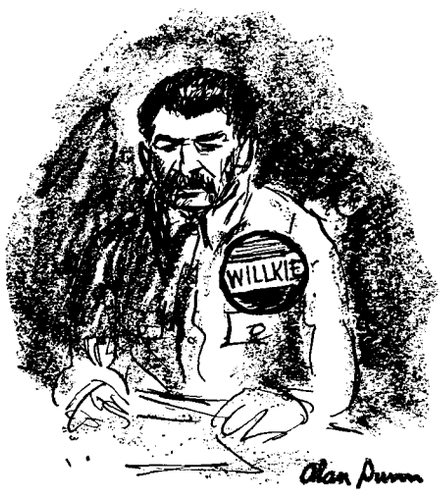
STATIONED at a nearby Army camp is a Sergeant Quirt who has his own firm ideas of how to establish the principles of democracy. Sometimes his methods are baffling. The other day he told off a group of recruits assigned to police duty as follows: "You college guys pick up the cigarettes, you high-school guys pick up the matches, and you guys with no education stand around and learn something."

Premier Junkie

HEREWITH a few scraps of information salvaged from an interview with Ralph Attonito, a junk dealer of Westbury, Long Island, who was the first local recipient of the War Production Board's special award for coöperation. Attonito, a tall, square-built, nattily dressed fellow of Italian descent, thinks the award has been talked up too much. "There's been some little misunderstanding that I'd like to clear up," he told us the day we called at his junk yard. "We heard we got prizes. We heard we got medals. We heard we got the Navy 'E.' No, it turns out all we got is this pretty piece of paper like an Esso sign." Attonito keeps the award standing in a corner of his office, rolled up like a window shade. He unfurled it briefly in the interests of journalism. It is a large, red-white-and-blue document, with "Coöperating with the War Production Board" running across the top in fat letters. Attonito was singled out to get this because his yard has increased its turnover by fifty-five per cent over last year and because he has made it a point to deal with all calls from the WPB or from local salvage committees, however small and obscure. "I like to think that I know there's a war on, and right now the junkie's the man that can win it," Attonito says.

It seems that Attonito was a famous name in the junk business even before the WPB made its award to Ralph. "All in all, there's about nine of us in the game around these parts," he told us. "Sort of a dynasty, I guess you'd call it." His family came here thirty-five years ago, from Naples. "We're Americans, not Italians, of course," Attonito observed. "Makes us feel good to be doing something so important on this side of the war." He told us that he is an alumnus of South Side High School in Rockville Centre, where he played a little football. His wife is also a second-generation Italian. They have a small son, and Attonito has been classified accordingly by his draft board. Attonito learned the junk business by working for his father and then branched out on his own. That was in 1937—the best year in the whole history of the junk business, take Attonito's word for it. "What a year that was, what with ninety per cent of the scrap going to Japan and the whole United States crying its heart out for the other ten per cent!" These days, of course, the profit on scrap is strictly circumscribed. The ceiling on it is $15.33 per ton, about half what the price was in the last war. Nevertheless, Attonito thinks Leon Henderson is a great man—"and such a guy on 'Information, Please'! Almost as funny as Levant."

Attonito shares his junk yard with his uncle, who is the head of an organization that deals mainly in dead automobiles. Three-quarters of the nephew's trade is in scrap steel, No. 1 and No. 2. The difference between the two types is that No. 1 steel requires less iron ore when it's converted into war machinery. The other categories of junk include cast iron (radiators, for instance), galvanized iron (pipes), and stove plate (stovepipes and parts). The scrap is neatly chewed into convenient pieces by a cutter with crocodile jaws, then delivered by ten-wheel trailer trucks direct to the foundries that purchase it. Attonito sends out four or five whopping twenty-ton loads to the foundries every working day, and presumably will be a good deal busier when the proceeds of our scrap drives reach him. Incidentally, he still prefers the old-fashioned term "junk." "The WPB, they call it scrap now," he says. "But I don't see that we aren't still dealing in plain, old-fashioned junk."



Cliché

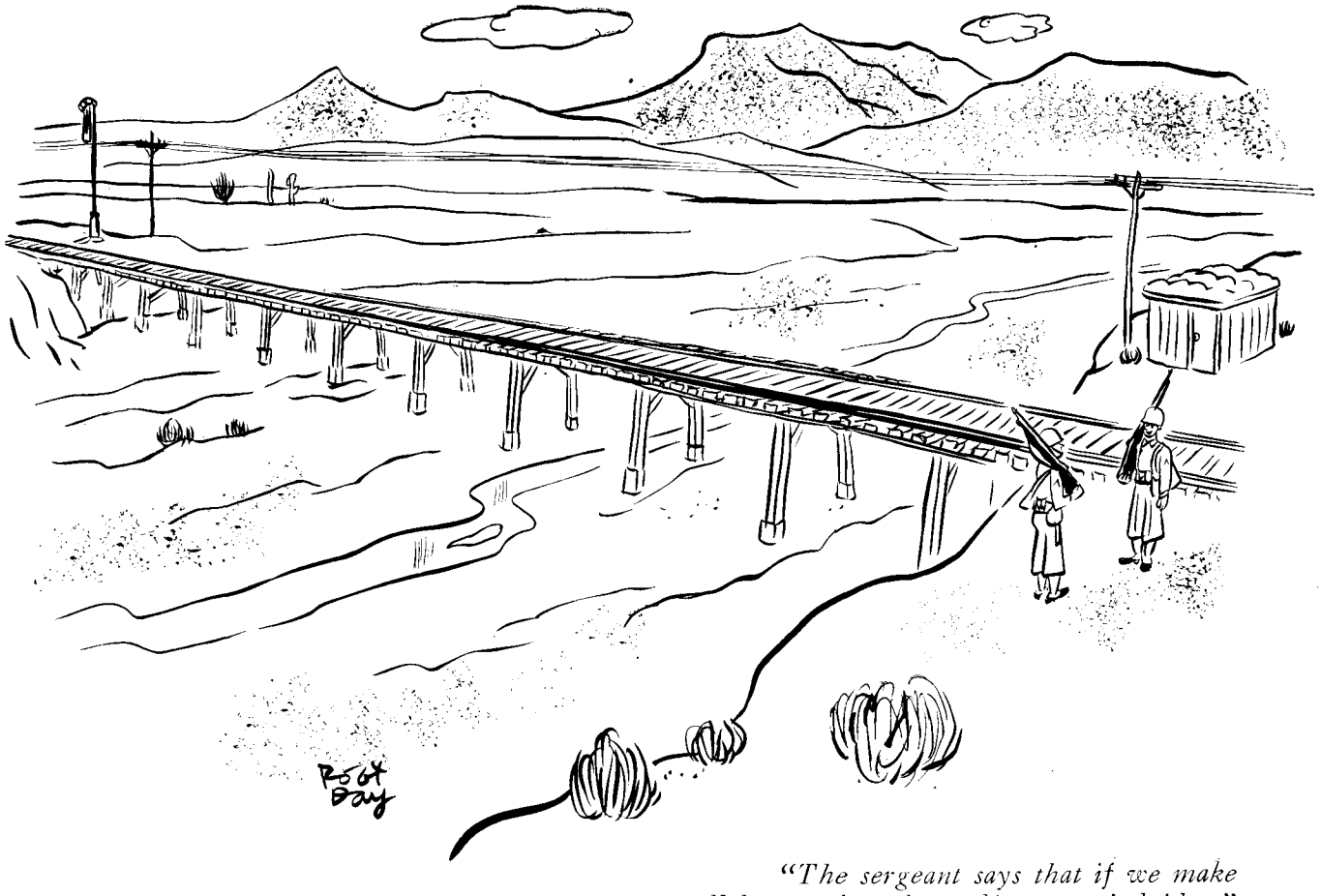
OUR philosophy is that we must take things as they come, and it is with a high consciousness of duty that we report the hanging upside down of a painting by the Museum of Modern Art. The composition involved is an abstraction by John Ferren, and it is upside down—or was last Friday—and no two ways about it, unless the artist had the irrational whim of signing it upside down in the upper left-hand corner. We have a feeling that Royal Cortissoz will simply accept this happening as confirmation of his worst suspicion about the way things are going.

Moose by Express

THERE'S a poster sometimes displayed by the Railway Express Agency which shows two expressmen trundling a live moose along in a dolly truck, the accompanying text indicating that the company stands ready to handle the shipping of any live animals, from moose up or down. Checking on this, somewhat tardily, we find that the boast is far from an idle one. The Railway Express man who talked to us couldn't say about moose, one way or the other, but he did know that his company had successfully shipped all sorts of live creatures, among them cats, dogs, cassowaries, flies, owls, bears, lions, panthers, leopards, minnows, giraffes, sea lions, snakes, a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, and a panda. Moose would naturally go unremarked in such a congress of beasts. Noah himself probably got mixed up.

The express company maintains a special kind of employee called a messenger, whose duty it is to travel in express and baggage cars and see that shipments are properly cared for—that perishables are kept at the right temperature, for example, and that fragile things aren't put at the bottom of the pile. Live animals also come under his jurisdiction. Messengers all become more or less skilled at animal husbandry, milking she-goats and delivering litters of puppies with equal facility, if not enthusiasm. The commonest live-animal shipment is, as you'd expect, dogs. The dogs themselves are usually charming company, but their owners, the express people regret to report, are inclined to attach

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The sergeant says that if we make good here we'll be transferred to a big strategic bridge."

• •

cute notes to the crates, stating that the occupant hasn't any pockets for tips but will reward any attentions with a wag of his tail; sometimes these notes are even written in the first person, the express company told us with a shudder. As for cat-owners, they're worse than dog-owners, even. Once Railway Express had to restrain the lady owner of a Siamese from plunging through the Grand Central express office to the loading platforms with her cat; she said she wanted to put him on the train herself, to make sure he didn't get in a draft. Messengers are hardy souls who are prepared for almost anything, and practically everything has happened to one or another of them. One fellow, who was acting as companion to a party of lions en route from South Carolina to New Jersey, noticed, just as they were pulling into Washington, that the lions had almost succeeded in pawing their crates apart. He was relieved by another messenger, who felt confident that with a hammer and a pocketful of nails he could keep abreast of any further sabotage. By the time the train reached Jersey City the lions were roaming the car and the messenger was fidgeting in the vestibule of the next car. They got the lions out the way they get them out of circus rings—by backing a cage up to the door.

Live carp for the orthodox Jewish trade gives the express company a fairly steady business. Lots of Northern farmers who keep bees send them South in the winter so that the bees, instead of hibernating, will go right on making honey. The bees occasionally get nervous and start acting up during a trip but are easily quieted by a few blasts from a spray gun filled with water. Once the express company brought ten thousand parasitic flies right across the continent, from San Francisco to New York. They had come from the Hawaiian Islands and were sent from here to the African coast by plane, to be turned loose to prey on insects that were invading the African sugar-cane fields. Another time two thousand minnows were expressed from Georgia to Boston to check a plague of mosquitoes by eating their larvae in the local swamps (or fens, as they're called up Boston way). Couple of years ago the driver of an express-company truck in Stoughton, Massachusetts, got an order to pick up something at a certain address there. Turned out it was the lady of the house, who wanted to get to church. She was an invalid, and there weren't any taxis handy. The driver finally decided that human freight didn't come within the company's charter, but he delivered the lady as a personal favor.

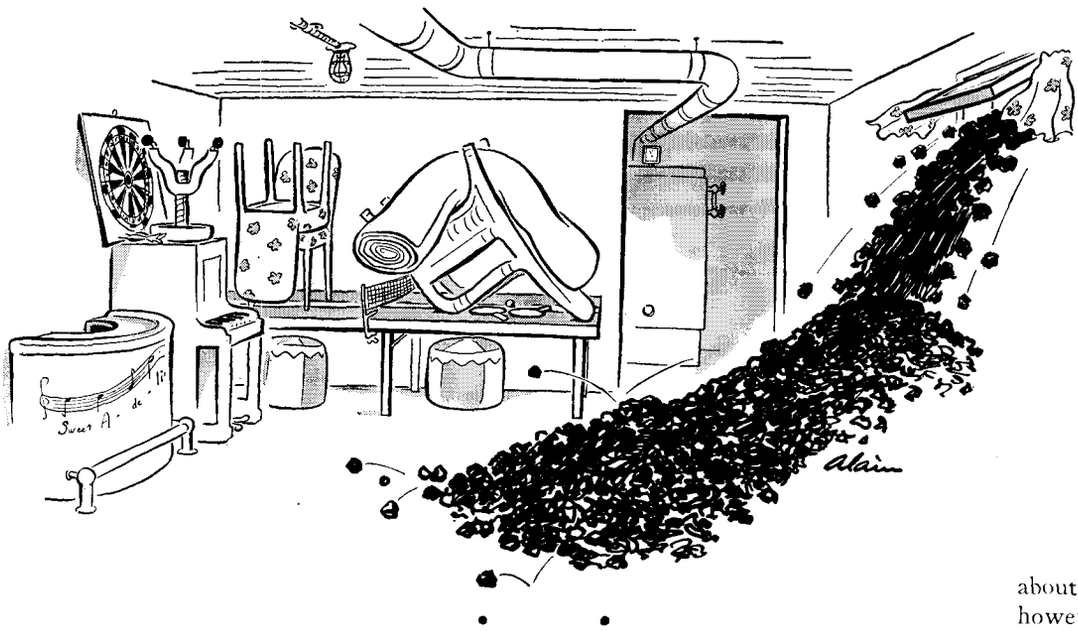
Good News

IT is the custom of the Army to send out "arrival cards" to the families of men who have landed safely overseas; the men fill the cards out before they depart. The parents of one lad we've just heard about had received strong hints from their son that he was on the point of embarking, so as time went by without an arrival card showing up in the mail they got more and more worried. Finally, after a good many long weeks, a letter came from their son, announcing that he was in Australia and explaining why they hadn't heard sooner. He'd got balled up in filling out his arrival card and it had been sent to him.

Repair Job

THIS is by way of amplifying the newspaper story about the Pan American Clipper that grounded on a reef off West Africa and was repaired with concrete. It aroused our interest. Out at LaGuardia Field we found that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the man to talk to was Sylvester Tunis, who was one of the two engineer officers on that flight. Tunis is a blond and laconic young man with an almost imperceptible mustache. When not in flight he lives in Flushing and does all his errands on a bicycle. He told us that the accident was just one of those things: while landing for a scheduled stop, the ship piled up on an uncharted reef, putting three holes in the hull big enough for a man and two dogs. The hull is divided into a number of watertight compartments by bulkheads and there was no question of the Clipper's sinking. Neither was there any question of its flying. The passengers were put aboard another plane, but even then the ship remained aground. To make matters worse, the meteorologist predicted a squall in the near future. The captain decided to try to pull her off under her own power. This damaged two more compartments and, to make matters still worse, he had to lighten the plane by dumping five tons of gasoline into the ocean. "You can imagine how I felt, with my little 'A' card in Flushing," Tunis said.

Most of the ship was in seven feet of water and, as soon as the predicted squall had passed over, Tunis and his brother engineer officer got to work on her. The three smashed compartments turned out to be filled with sea water and heavily populated with fish, as well as oysters clinging to pieces of reef. The two men improvised diving helmets out of gasoline tins and window glass, and set to work. The ship was hooked at one end and this contributed to the difficulty of the task. "I had a terrible time," Tunis told us. "I'd go down alongside the hull with a hand drill, and every time I'd get set the ship would float away from me. I'd start to chase her, and she'd swing back and knock me flat." When it became apparent that the plane couldn't be fixed that way, the air-base manager radioed Pan American's office at LaGuardia Field, asking for a repair crew. Three mechanics were dispatched at once, along with some assorted screws, metal plates, and a real diving helmet. They arrived three days later, and made short work of getting the new plates on. This didn't entirely stop the leaks, though, and the pump they had would just about hold its own with the incoming water. At this point, Tunis, in consultation with the manager of Pan American's African air bases, decided to fill the damaged compartments with concrete. That had been done to a punctured airplane in the Azores in 1939.

The two engineer officers and the repair crew from LaGuardia put the concrete into the compartments, assisted by a crew of black boys. They didn't get much work out of the natives until they found a colored man who had been born in Chicago and had retired to the land of his forefathers. He made a fine gang boss. They put in a ton and a half of concrete. The plane made the trip back to LaGuardia with its crew and the repairmen uneventfully. We talked to Robert Kaufman, one of the repair crew. He is a Brooklyn boy who resembles Tom Dewey. He'd been working in the metal shop when they called him on the phone and told him to be ready to go to Africa at four o'clock. He beat it to Brooklyn to get a bag, telephoned his mother in Rockaway, and just about made it. Shortly before we were presented to him, Kaufman had been out at the hangar where some men were fixing the damaged Clipper. "They're certainly having a hell of a time getting that concrete out again," he remarked to us.

Reproof

A GIRL we know was watching the Pulaski Day parade on the Avenue recently when she realized sharply that a man near her, a small, shipping-clerkish fellow with no hat, was smoking a cigar that stank. She tried to ignore it, but the cigar was the intrusive kind that can't be ignored, and finally she made up her mind to speak to him about it. Just as she opened her mouth, however, the man looked up at her and said, "Lady, would you mind not staring at my cigar?"

From Captain to Private

THE Peat Lecture Bureau, at 2 West Forty-fifth Street, is one of the places people go when they want to engage a talented or famous person to speak at an Annual Luncheon or whatnot. Many people who can afford Thomas Mann, André Maurois, Franz Werfel, Ilka Chase, Lillian Hellman, Hermann Rauschning, Alice Longworth, or H. G. Wells realize that the Peat office can get them for you. Some of the customers don't realize, however, that the owner of the business, Harold R. Peat, is himself an ex-celebrity and lecturer, now living in prosperous and contented obscurity. Anybody who was up and around during the last war remembers Private Peat, the Canadian soldier who was badly wounded near Ypres and, after being invalided home, became famous as a writer and lecturer. He drew huge audiences all over this country from the time we entered the war until well after the armistice, and his book, "Private Peat," published in 1917, sold more than half a million copies, breaking publishers' records and even today overshadowing the sales figures on "Quentin Reynolds Can Take It," etc.

Peat was born near Kingston, Jamaica, of Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and Seminole Indian stock. When the World War broke out he was a small, weedy youth living in Edmonton, Canada, and earning his living by peddling, house to house, tea he blended himself. He was pretty badly underweight, but he played on the sympathies of a susceptible Army doctor and was accepted for service. He was assigned to the Queen's Own Rifles,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and went almost at once to the front, where he spent a year and a half, mostly in the bloodiest sectors. Near Ypres, in 1916, he was wounded in the shoulder and lung and lay on the battlefield for hours before being picked up. During this time, he says, he experienced a form of religious conversion; he decided not to pray, however, on the ground that, since he had never prayed before, it would hardly have been ethical to start right then. He was sent to London to recuperate and was commissioned a captain. His right arm was temporarily unfit for use and his weight went down to eighty-five pounds, so he was sent back to Edmonton on sick leave. One night, in a state of mild boredom, he dropped into a church which had advertised a lecture by an Army officer. The lecturer failed to show up, and Peat, because he was in uniform, was drafted to substitute. He talked for ten minutes or so to such good effect that a few days later he received a request from the Alberta Red Cross to undertake a lecture tour.

When we got into the war, Peat signed up with a New York lecture bureau, managed by James B. Pond, for a tour of this country, and, in addition, appeared for free at Liberty Loan drives and other war-service meetings. He didn't go over any too well at first, and finally he figured out that his commission was coming between him and his audiences. At his request the Canadian government demoted him to the ranks and, as Private Peat, he immediately had an enormous success. Through a Mrs. Bobbs, with whom he danced once at a reception in Indianapolis and who, he later discovered, was the wife of the president of Bobbs-Merrill, he was commissioned to write a book about his experiences. He dictated it in six weeks, and it made him wealthy. The wealth, however, didn't stick, mainly because of Peat's wayward preference for mining stock over General Motors. Four or five years after the armistice he was reduced to giving a free lecture in Denver and taking up a collection. He fluffed along for the next few years, and then got a job with a lecture bureau just started by N.B.C. In 1931, N.B.C. sold the bureau to Peat, and there he's been ever since. He had a bad moment early in the venture when the Harriman National Bank folded up with all his working capital, but this was compensated by his getting his first big attraction, Mme. Schumann-Heinck. His wounds have given him little trouble and he has filled out comfortably. He is perfectly contented with his present fortunes. "Having known real wealth, and having known many of the great of this world, I wish to be neither great nor wealthy," he says. He has Winston Churchill signed up, on an if-and-when basis. Churchill was coming over in 1938, but the Munich crisis intervened. He cabled Peat, "ALAS I CANNOT LEAVE ENGLAND NOW." Peat thinks Churchill is the only man in the world who ever used "alas" in a cablegram.

Dead Pan at the Waldorf

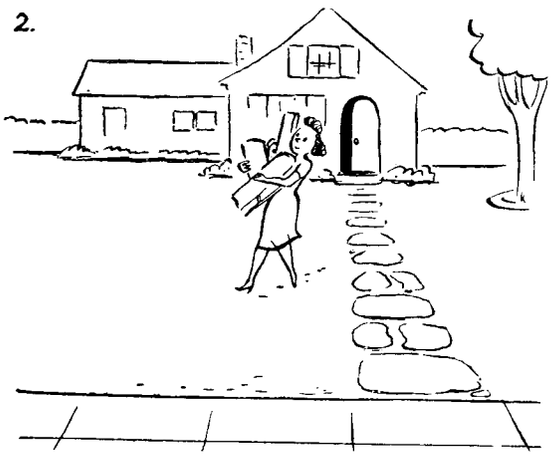
AN uninhibited Philadelphia lawyer, in town on business that demanded early hours and a clear head, stopped in the Waldorf's Peacock Alley the other night at eleven o'clock and ordered a chocolate ice-cream soda. The waiter started perceptibly, hurried off to consult his captain, and finally returned with a tray on which were a bottle of club soda, a small bottle of milk, a jigger of chocolate sauce, and a highball glass containing a scoop of ice cream. "Shall I mix it for you, sir?" he asked.

"Coach, don't you think it would make a better impression on the alumni if you paced nervously back and forth?"

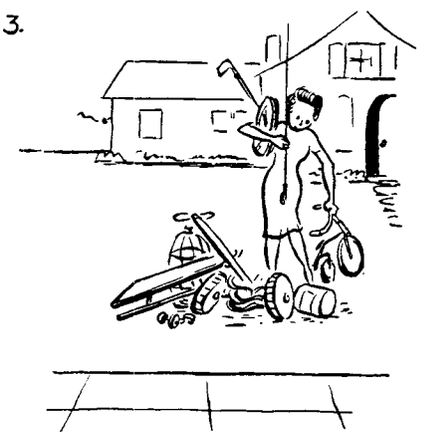
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1.

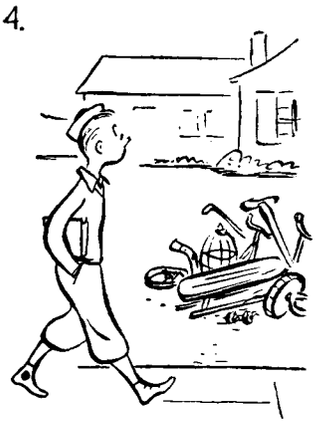
2.



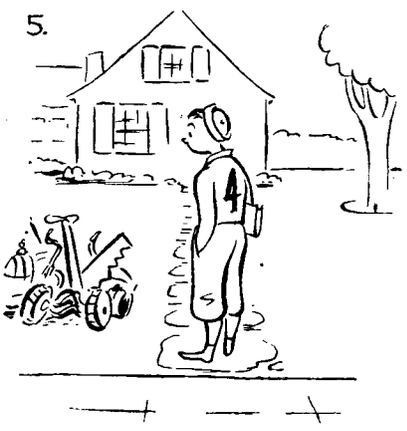
3.



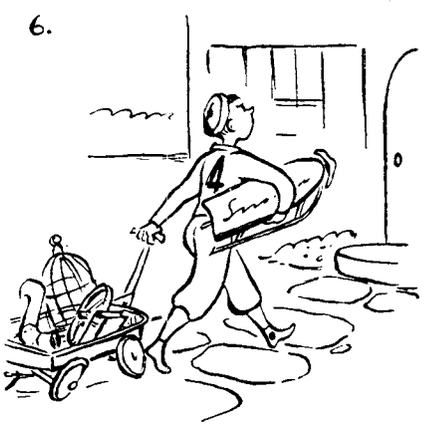
4.



5.

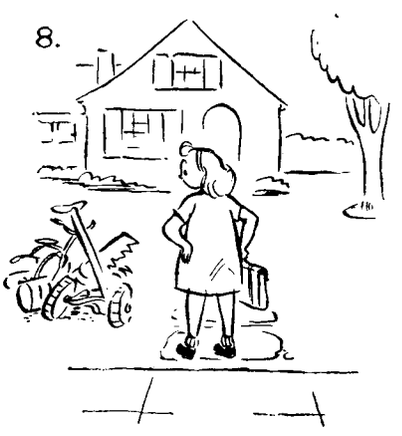


6.

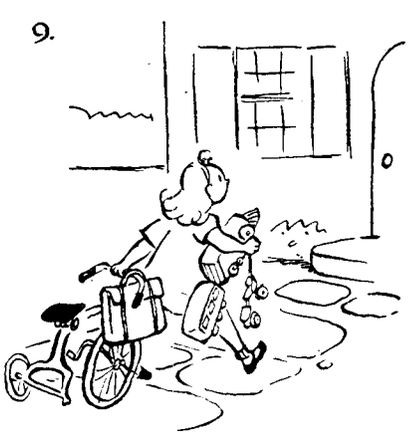


7.

8.

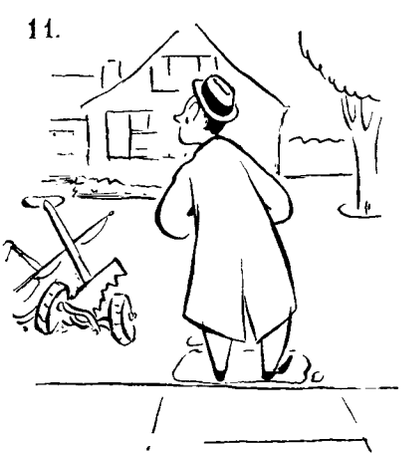


9.



10.

11.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'M THE DOG EVVEYBODY IS TALKIN' IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO

PARK'S DRUG STORE in Beverly Hills, where I go for my breakfast when I'm out there, is owned by old man Schwab, an inveterate moviegoer and an ardent fan, and because his patrons are mostly film actors, he allows them to read the magazines on the racks, to fix their own sodas, to wait on themselves; in fact, they have a complete run of the establishment and are permitted to do practically everything except fill prescriptions.

I was surprised to see Benny Greenspan, the agent, there one morning recently, his tiny legs curled around a fountain stool. He was so absorbed in draining the coffee-soaked end of a roll against the side of his cup that he didn't notice me when I took the seat next to his and gave my order. "Hiya, Benny?" I said, turning to him. "What're you doing here? Why aren't you having breakfast at home?"

Benny lowered his soggy roll and stared wistfully at me a moment or two before speaking. "Why?" he repeated. "I'll tell you why, Artie, in exackly two words: because I'm the original jinx boy, that's why! Because I'm the dog evveybody is talkin' it shouldn't happen to! Honestly, the way things been breakin' fa me lately, it's a wonder I don't pick out a nice, quiet cemetery, rent me a comfy liddle grave together with a tunestone, and lay down and call it quits—finee!"

"Business bad?" I asked.

"Betwixt and between—you know how it is. But I'm not complainin' in regards when it comes to business. No, Artie, what I'm talkin' about happens to be a personal condition altogether." He swivelled his stool so that he faced me, then leaned forward, his hands on his short legs. "Listen to this, if it don't break a person's heart in tiny liddle pieces.

"I dunno if I ever invited you should have dinner over the house or not, but fa the past, I wouldn't say how long—a good four-five months at lease—I got a boy, he's a combination cook, butler, and chauffeur, but he's inclined more along the lines of a cook. Anyways, he happens to go under the name Joe—a Filipinyock. And believe me, Artie, I'm not exaggeratin' one iowa when I tell you it was positively a pleasure to sit down at the table and pack in one of Joe's meals. Why, I useta have the biggest studio execatives come over the house fa dinner to discuss a deal rather than their awfice, where the phone keeps constantly inarruptin' alla time, and they'd compliment me what a movvellous cook I got, right to my very face! 'Yes, sir, Benny,' they'd tell me, 'if I was you, I'd be proud like a powder pigeon over that there boy Joe. Why, the way he knocks off those courses, honestly, it's so delicious it simply melts away in your mouth, just like butter.'

"But still in all, he was strickly a wack fomm Wackland, that Joe. Fomm morn till noon till night I hadda keep naggin' him why he don't clean the rings offa the reflectory table I got, it cost me a young fortune. Or else he forgets to polish up the silver, it looks like some pieces junk I just this minute took outa the hock shop. Or you take, finstance, other things, like certain days when I can't find a tie I happen to be lookin' I should wear, or a couple pairs socks disappears on me alluva sudden. Many's the time I felt like grabbin' him by the nap of the neck and kickin' him the hell outa the place. Then I'd say to myself, 'Now, wait a minute, Benny. Take it easy. O.K., s'pose you can the guy, then what? Then it starts to commence all over again, the agencies sendin' you the same bunch clucks, like two peas in a pot. Besides, Benny,' I says to myself, 'what guarantee you got that you don't finey wind up with some bar rag who's constantly gettin' theirself mopped up with your liquor, whereby they're good and soused right in the mist when you're havin' guests fa company?' Know what I mean?"

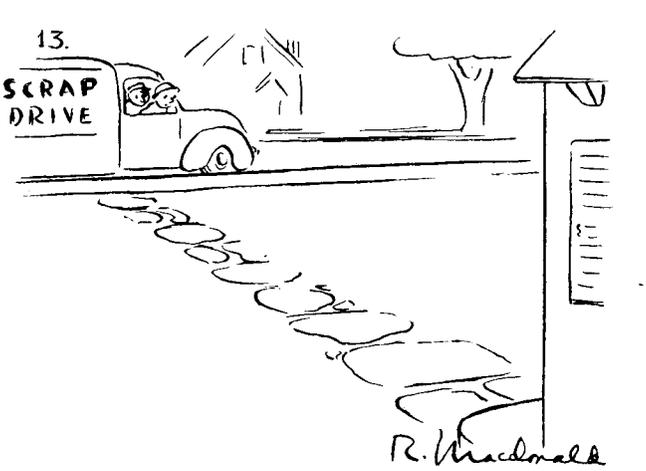
I assured Benny I knew what he meant.

"Justa same, Artie, I got an inklin' way down deep in my bones soon after he started in workin' fa me I'm gonna have trouble with this character, this Joe. Take, finstance, right away he wants I should buy him some white coats to wait on the table. 'O.K., Joe,' I says, 'bein' you need them, you can go ahead and get same.' Well, Artie, he goes ahead and he orders hisself three white jackets, and guess what. Alla them, the three white jackets, they had my name on them, Benny Greenspan, stitched right over the pockets in red handwritin'. 'Fa cryin' out loud, Joe,' I says to this lunghead, 'what's the big idear, givin' me billin' on a coat?' Oh, he tells me, he worked in hotels before he come to me and the name fomm the place was awways on the jacket and he figgered likewise here. I tried to explain him I was just a common private pardy and I din have no drop-in trade comin' offa the sidewalks fa dinner, but I don't think he comprehended me."

Benny reached for a slice of my toast, tore it in half, smeared it with butter, and crammed it into his mouth. "Mmm," he said, dusting the crumbs from his fingers, "that's the best piece toast I ever had in my whole mouth! Now, where was—oh, yes, I was speakin' fomm Joe. Well, this boy was simply uniform-crazy, which I happened not to know of at the time. I mean when it come to openin' the door, finstance, Joe simply hadda take off the white coat and put a black one on. Or else, when he drove me to the awfice or to some

12.

13.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

studio or other, he wouldn't take the wheel without he had a chauffeur's hat on his head. That guy had more costume changes than a two-months-old baby, believe me!

"But what really topped the climax was a short time after he was workin' fa me. There I am, finishin' my breakfist and I'm ready to leave fa the awfice. So Joe takes the white jacket off, and the next thing I know I'm outside the house waitin' at the car. So there I am, calmly bitin' my time, and about five-ten minutes goes by and still no Joe. Finey he comes outa the house, and, Artie, I couldn't hardly believe my eyes what I saw. He's got on a purple chauffeur's outfit completely new fomm his top to bottom. He had leather putty on his legs and a cap with a big beak on his head, and he's lookin' very chippy. 'My God, Joe,' I says to him, 'where in heaven's name did you get that uniform?' 'Why, I got it fomm you, boss,' he says to me. 'Fomm me?' Artie, I look at him and frankly I'm agasp. 'Yes, sir,' he says. 'This here is the Christmas present you are gonna gimme.' Alluva sudden, right in the mist when it's a berlin' summer's day, this screwball is thinkin' fomm December awready and he's makin' me out a second Sandy Claus. 'Benny,' I says to myself, 'I don't like what's goin' on here, do you? Somethin' tells me Joey-boy went ahead and charged this here outfit to your account.' So right away I investigate the matter and, sure enough, I find out I'm in the clothin' business—the cooks' and the chauffeurs' branch. I made him send the stuff back so quick his head begun to swim, and alla time he's beggin' me I should let him keep the chauffeur's outfit, it should be a momentum. Honestly, I felt like brushin' him off right on the spot, oney I knew that Wally Pierce, the producer over at Regal, he was at the house one night fa dinner whereby he simply doted the food and he made Joe a proposition anytime he quit he should come over and work fa him. So rather I should give Wally the satisfaction, I says to myself, 'The hell with it! You went so far with this here fugitive fomm a patted cell, you might as well go further!' Yep," Benny added somewhat ruefully, "I certainey went further, aw right, aw right."

"Why? What happened?" I asked.

BENNY sighed heavily and shook his head. "When I tell you what happened to me last week, I know awready what you're gonna say. 'I don't believe it, Benny. You're handin' me a line of dribble, which I'm gonna take with a grain of salts.' Still in all, evvey word, I guarantee, is positively true." He leaned forward and shook his finger at me. "Get this, Artie.

"I don't know if you ever had the pleasure of meetin' a cute liddle dish I been romancin' lately, Verna is the name she happens to go under. Anyways, she blew in fomm Reno about six weeks ago, where she brushed off her hubby, some jerk who smelled iron at some factory or other, and now she's settlin' down here in Hollywood. So she was at the house not long ago fa dinner and we happen to be knockin' off a glass brandy and I'm thinkin' out loud and I pass a remark how it's gonna be my birthday in a couple weeks and I'm contemplatin' if I should throw myself a pardy and invite some people they should come over fa some drinks and some laughs.

"Well, the matter completely excaped my mind and alluva sudden my birthday rolls aroun', last Friday. So I called up Verna fomm the awfice and I says to her, 'Honey, I had a terrific week and I'm all a nervous wretch. I

THESE THE UNBURIED

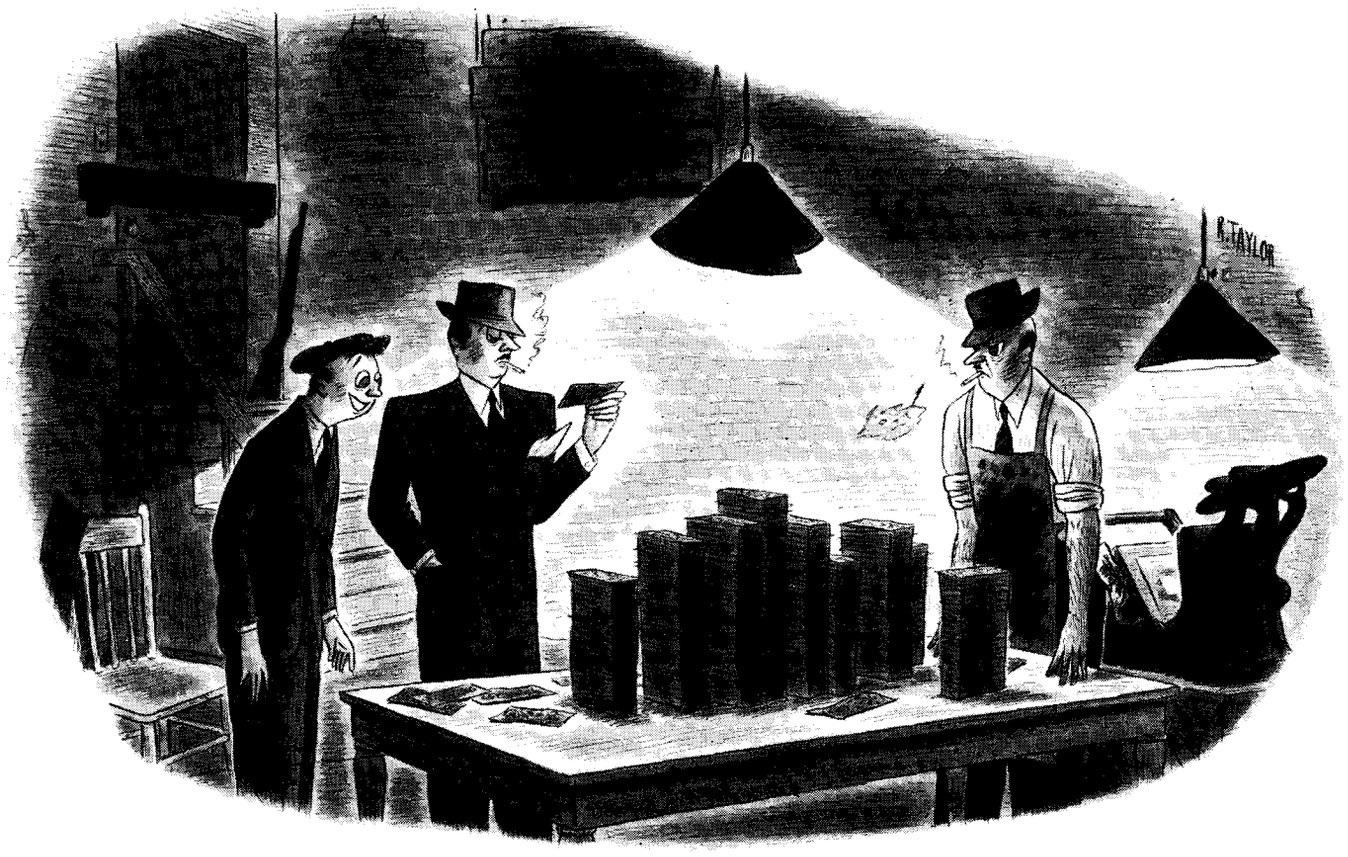
With tapping drum
Once more into the Shadowed Valley come
The young men dead of battle.
  Young echoes once more on the River,
  In the grave cypresses,
  The ivy, the Stygian mosses,
  The sable
  Cedars—
Young voices stilled on a shout
With words ringing out
  In all the tongues and dialects of Babel.

No more just an ultimate haven
For the weary of life,
The weary of loving,
  For the heavily laden,
  With ease from their burden,
  Rest from their moving,
For the fevered,
The aged and eaten,
The borne in black funeral to the burial:
  These, the unburied:
  These are the shroudless,
  The graveless;
  These, the "reported missing,"
  The "presumed lost;"
These are they meeting death
On the steadily striking pulse,
The steady breath,
The loved and the loving,
With young
Shouts on their tongue
In all the dialects of Babel;
  These are the deadly pierced,
  The blown in one heartbeat to ashes,
  The dead in the salt cleanness, these,
  Of seven seas.

Young voices again in the Valley,
Young echoes awhirl on the River,
  Singing the songless islands,
  Ringing the fetid silence,
  Warming the Shadowed Vale—
  They who perished hale.

—BERRY FLEMING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Gosh, I didn't know there was that much money in the whole world!"

• •

think I'll recuperate me with a liddle weekend at Arrowhead. Hozz about it?' 'Listen, Benny,' she says to me, 'you can't go away on account your pardy tonight.' Nachelly I'm flappergasted. 'Verna,' I says to her, 'have you gone bats up there in your belfry? What pardy you talkin' about?' At first she din wanna tell me and then, after I spurn her on she should give out with the details, she says to me, 'I'm not s'posed to repeat this, bein' you're gonna be supprised, but Joe is throwin' you an affair over the house tonight.' And then it all comes out.

"This character Joe, this combination houseboy and dope, he heard that night Verna was over how I'm contemplatin' havin' a pardy, so without no whys and wherefores to me should he do same, he goes ahead, grabs holt of my address book, and he invites evveybody they should come over, he's givin' me a supprise pardy. You hear? Then he arranges with Chasen's they should cater the entire affair—a roast-beef dinner complete with waiters—and he calls up an undertakin'-parlor frienda his, they should send over a bunch foldin' chairs. Mind you, all this is strickly my expense!"

"You mean you actually went ahead with it?"

Benny slowly nodded as a pained expression came over his face. "What else could I do?" he asked, spreading his hands. "So I hung aroun' my awfice waitin' it should be happest nine so I could go home and be supprised awready. So lo and behold, happest nine rolled aroun' and I get in my car and I start home and, honestly, a mile before I get there I could tell the place is jumpin' on account the noise. Boy, the liquor certainey musta flown like it was plain faucet water!

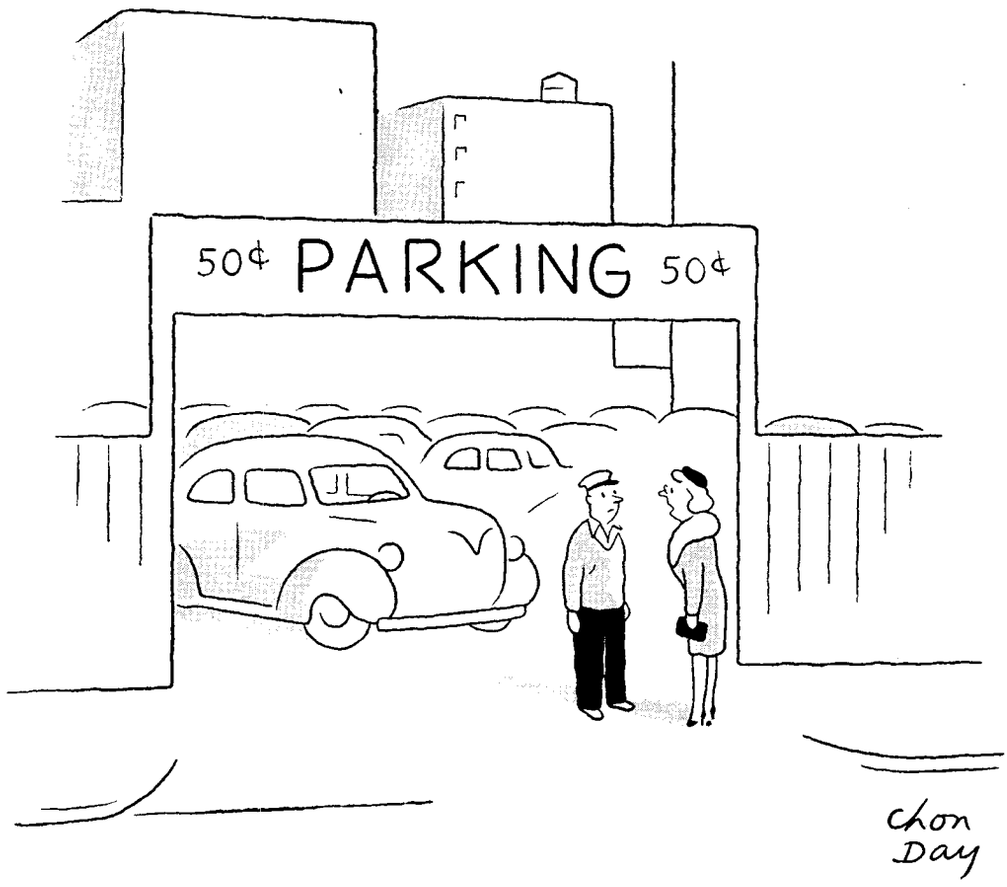
"Well, sir, I open the door, and I give you my word you never seen the gonclomeration fomm people collected there in your whole entire life! Strangers I ain't seen in years, dames I brushed off God knows hommeny months ago—their names was in my address book, so nachelly they were invited, irregardless. The result is I wind up with Vince Avery in my house." Benny's voice had suddenly become shrill.

"I don't think I know Vince Avery," I said.

"Don't fool with your luck," Benny said snappishly. "He's in the life-insurings racket, a stinker of the first water, a two-time, no-good jerk! You could hunt high and low, search evvey nook and granny, and you won't find a better first-class louse! It so happened we once had a fight doong a poker game on account he passed certain highly uncalled-for remarks, so I figgered why should I beat my brains out payin' this guy? Let him wait fa his dough! Well, sir, the very first guy I behold when I come in is Mr. Vincent Avery and he's yellin' 'Supprise, supprise!' on the top of his lungs. Nachelly I'm a liddle conscious-stricken seein' this stinker in my own house, so rather than he should embarrass me in front a house fulla people, I pay the louse what I owe him. You'd think he'd have the common courtesy to bring a liddle present, a necktie or a plain bottle Scotch, bein' it's a person's birthday, but oh, no! He's got a one-trek mind—just pay him the dough I owe him!

"So I look aroun' and I notice that Joe, he's as busy as a one-eyed paperhanger gettin' the people all tanked up. I'm waitin' fa a chance to grab holt of him so I could part his hair in two with a pigaxe when alluva sudden who should I see excep' Cliff Hawley, the ace director over at Monarch. Right away he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It's a blue roadster with some tread showing on the left front tire."

•

innaduces me to his wife, who happens to be along—a hefty hunk womanhood, this squaw, built on the order of a battleship completely equipped with a couple lifeboats. So Cliff starts pumpin' my hand away and he's very much enthused what a movvelous affair this is and what a terrific plot it gives out fa a pickcha—a servant should throw a pardy fa his boss. Boy, would he love to do a story built aroun' that there idear!

" 'Well, well, Benny,' I says to myself, 'maybe this here Joe ain't as bad as he looks out. Now, what you should do, kid,' I says to myself, 'you should grab holt of a couple writers, give them your idear, and then get them to cook up a story whereby it should be a second "My Man Godfried" and you could split fifdy-fifdy. In that way this here pardy could turn out a pretty good investment. Otherwise, Benny,' I says to myself, 'I shutter to think what it's gonna set you back, the expense.'

"Well, sir, Cliff and I start chatterin' away like a couple madpies. I discuss some clients I'm inarrested he should look at fa his next pickcha, and pretty soon I begin to pert up. Finey I get a chance to corner Joe and I tell him he certainey pulled a nice supprise on me and that evveything is goin' along simply gin dandy. 'Boss,' he says to me, 'this is oney the beginnin'. The beaudy part is later, when the musicians show up.' 'Musicians?' I says. 'Don't tell me you went ahead and hired a name band on me?' 'Sure, boss. We're gonna have dancin' in the liberry.' Say, Artie," Benny suddenly interrupted himself, "you've never seen my liberry, have you?"

"No," I said, shaking my head, "I haven't."

"It's a genuwine showplace, the liberry. I call it The Den on account it's designed along the lines it should be a den. The entire room is strickly fomm naughty pine."

"Knotty pine, eh?" I said.

"Yep, fomm top to bottom. But they never got aroun' to playin'," he said, somewhat mournfully.

"Who didn't?" I asked.

"Them musicians Joe hired. All I know is that Cliff Hawley and me, we're standin' in the corner and Cliff is feelin' kinda high and he's tellin' me what a peachy type guy I am and I can sell him anything I want—you know how it is when a person gets in that condition. All doong this time people are leavin' my place and new people are comin' in. So alluva sudden I turn aroun' and who do I see excep' Elaine Peters, a certain dog I ain't seen in years. She grabs one hinge at Cliff and she makes with a scream and comes rushin' up to him with her arms aroun' his neck. 'Cliff, honey,' she yells, 'where you been keepin' yesself lately? Why don't you come up to the apartment no more? My life don't look the same without you away.'

"That's all the battleship hasta hear! She picks up a flarpot which Verna got special fa the pardy and she starts to officially launch Elaine over the head with it. The next thing I know the dames are sockin' away each the other and whoever tries to separate them winds up with a smack in the kisser. Yes, sir, in two shades of a lamb's tail my place is in a shambles, completely housebroken in tiny liddle pieces!

"Artie, I hadda pay a young fortune to clean up what they wrecked, much less what it cost me to keep the cops fomm throwin' me in the can fa disturbin' my neighbors' peace. And that Cliff Hawley! I went to his awfice a couple days later to discuss some artists he promised me he's gonna use in his pickcha, but his seckatary told me I better not come near him if I don't wanna get me a face fulla fist. You hear? And all on account a certain individual, this here incomepoop who goes under the name Joe!

"Honestly, when I think why I din fire that cluck the first day he come to work fa me insteada waitin' he should make all this trouble, I can kick myself blue in the face." Benny signalled for his check, slowly slid off his chair, and got to his feet. "Well, kid, there's your answer why I come to jernts like this fa breakfist whereby I wind up with a cute case fomm indigestion pinned to my chest a whole day long like it was some medal or other. Believe me, Artie, the next time I get a servant—providin' I ever get a servant—I'm gonna make sure he's strickly a cook and not a second Elsie Maxwell who's gonna throw pardies at my expense!"

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

Seventy-five years ago the British columnists in North America came together to form a new country called Canada.

—*Canadian Forum.*

Anything to fill a column.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROBLEM NO. 4

"THE point of the security mission moves at two and one-half miles an hour," the Lieutenant said, "taking a break of ten minutes on the hour if they have been able to ascertain that they are keeping ahead of the main body." The Lieutenant was younger than most of the men who were sitting at his feet in the Carolina sun. "The security mission," he went on, "is sometimes sacrificed for the safety of the main body. It is their duty to bait and expose any enemy emplacements that may have been set up along the line of march. A well-disciplined enemy cannot always be driven from their position by fire alone." His words were lost in the stabbing shriek of a locomotive, passing north, just outside the Army post. "Julie, Julie, come back to Flatbush Avenue," the underwear salesman sitting beside Robert whispered. The waiter from the Hotel Westbury tapped the longshoreman from Chelsea on the shoulder to wake him up, and the clerk from the Chase National Bank put one hand to his mouth to smother a nervous cough. "Wake up and stand up," the Lieutenant said to another man who had fallen asleep. "I'm talking to you for your own good. This may be the only training you receive on this subject. We've found that men who pay attention live longer in combat than men who fall asleep." He changed his manner and the pitch of his voice and repeated, "A well-disciplined enemy cannot always be driven from their position by fire alone. The Japanese have used a fifteen-inch bayonet very effectively in this war. The will to bayonet must be instilled in the soldier. Take a ten-minute break and fall in by squads in the positions I assigned you and we will begin Problem No. 4."

The men raced one another for the shade of a dying apple tree, threw themselves down, and pulled at the tepid, brackish water in their canteens. Robert was one of the first to reach the tree. He braced his back against the trunk, took a pencil and a folded piece of paper from his pocket, and wrote:

Thank you, darling, for the dressing gown and the bedroom slippers. I haven't much use for them here but I'm sure they'll be useful as soon as I'm attached to a more permanent unit. Don't try to reach me by telephone again and don't wire unless it's important. The sergeant doesn't like it. I'm perfectly all right and quite happy. Everyone has been very kind and I get more mail than anyone else in the platoon. There was a box of hermits in the mail from Mrs. Dexter yesterday and Mr. Osgood sent me the volume of Kipling. Down here I refer more frequently to Proust than I do to Kipling. Last week I heard a telephone ring in the orderly room. I saw a New York street scene in a newsreel the day before yesterday, and I was reminded of the temperature in the 79th Street Longchamps when I stepped into a large icebox to scrub the porcelain the last time I had K.P. If you don't hear from me, it's not because I'm sick or wounded. It's only that we don't have much time for writing letters. . . .

He put the pencil and paper back into his pocket when he saw the Lieutenant

"Now let's see, which one of you is Old Guard and which one is American Labor?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drop his cigarette and signal for the end of the break.

THE men fell into the formation the Lieutenant had been describing. Robert was right-flank man for the point of the security mission. The squad leader gave them their directions and they moved into a wood that had been used for maneuvers so often that it looked like a neglected park. In a valley they filed through Robert saw a group of men being addressed on the course of the war in the Far East, and on a nearby hill he saw a class in extended-order drill moving forward on their hands and knees.

"Now, if I was in New York," the man nearest Robert said, "I'd be taking a nap in one of them air-conditioned theatres." His name was Collins and he had run an elevator in a West End Avenue apartment house. "When I got off the night shift," he said, "I used to go down to Times Square. I slept in all of them. I slept in Radio City Music Hall and the Astor. Right now I'd settle for the Strand. Upstairs—"

"Shut up," the squad leader said. "The enemy isn't deaf. And slow down. We'll lose touch with the connecting file."

They moved through the wood quietly then, looking for enemy emplacements. They came to a clearing at the top of a hill. In the distance, Robert could see the roofs of the town he visited on Saturday nights and the tall shaft of a monument to its Confederate dead. The spread of the country looked pleasant, but it was country that Robert hated. Every tree tall enough to cast a fair shadow had been cut down, the soil grew nothing but sour weeds, and erosion had advanced to such a point that the whole region looked like a dried marsh bottom. He saw the roof of a barn in the hollow below him, took his rifle off his shoulder, and carried it at port arms. He could smell fermenting mash, which meant there was a still somewhere in the hollow; then, a few steps further on, there was the smell of manure and the pleasant, domestic noise of animals moving in their stalls. He stepped into the barn to see if there was an enemy machine-gun nest in there. He found two work horses and some chickens. Collins followed him into the barn, took out his jackknife, and began to carve his name and the date on one of the beams.

"Hold it up!" the squad leader shouted from the barnyard. "We've lost touch with the connecting file."

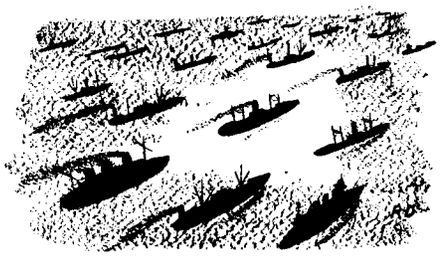
Robert sat down, took the pencil and paper out of his pocket, and wrote:

Please don't send me a toilet case yet, and since we don't have much time for reading I wouldn't bother to send any more newspapers or magazines. The *petits fours* and the salted nuts tasted good and the electric razor was a fine idea. I still don't think it would be wise for us to have a child if and when I do get a furlough. We can wait for that, because we'll come through this of course and there'll be plenty of time later. Fred wrote and told me how nice you looked, but I don't have to be reminded of that. . . .

ROBERT got to his feet when the connecting file reappeared, and continued along the road beyond the barn. The road crossed a dry stream bed and went up a steep hill. The second his fatigue hat showed against the sky, there was the whip of rifle fire, played off on a phonograph record and amplified by a sound truck. He stooped and ran for a patch of deep grass on his left. He hit the ground, breaking the fall with the butt of his rifle. His pack rode up and knocked off his hat. By raising his head he could see the enemy emplacement —a farmhouse on the next hill, with a sound truck parked beside it. A wind was blowing, and as the grass moved in the wind he could creep forward without being seen. He was working the bolt and the trigger on his rifle when he heard someone walking toward him and his sergeant shouted, "You dead, goddamit, you dead! When you hear rifle fire you git down. You want me to beat it into your goddam brain with a goddam stone?" Robert took off his hat and put it over the muzzle of his gun to signify that he was dead. As soon as the sergeant had passed, he took the pencil and paper out of his pocket and wrote:

I was glad to hear about Fred's captaincy but I don't see why they made Charlie a lieutenant colonel, and I can't believe that Allen is a major. Is that true? Dave and Johnny Crane and the Hughes kid all have their Washington lieutenancies and Bill wrote to tell me that he has been promoted to sector warden. . . .

"You, man! You, man! What are you doing here?" someone shouted, and



Robert looked up and saw a West Point cadet standing over him.

"I'm dead, Mister," he said.

"Who said so?"

"The sergeant."

"Well, I don't know how he figured that out," the cadet said. "I was watching you and I thought you were well covered and concealed. Now get on your feet and go through this field and up to that farmhouse. There were seven enemy riflemen there but we achieved fire superiority and assaulted the position with fixed bayonets. Hurry up, man."

Robert slapped on his hat, slung his rifle, and ran across the field. From a distance the farmhouse had looked whole, but when he came closer he saw that it was ruin enough to have been used for a mortar target. Light came freely through the walls and the roof. In the yard were a child's shoe, a few rusty tin cans, a corroded barrel hoop, and a rusty plow. Just beyond was a dusty field that had been planted unprofitably to cotton. Robert thought that probably the farmhouse had been captured many times by soldiers like himself but that it had obviously been captured and destroyed by keen poverty some time before they came. He stood in the yard for a minute, looking around inquisitively at the evidence of the lives that had been lived there. Then someone called to him from the house and he went in and found the men of his squad sitting around the two bare rooms. Collins and another man were cutting their names and addresses into the wall and so many men had done this before them that they had trouble finding space. Robert lighted a cigarette and went on with his letter:

The Shipmans' party sounds dull and I don't blame you for getting tired of discussions of the war. We don't have any of that here. War is a profession like any other and older than most, and not so alien to life as we were led to believe, I think; but the seriousness of what we are training for sometimes comes as a shock when we realize that many of the men who wrote their names on the rifle-range pits, the latrines, the web equipment, and the barracks ceilings are fighting and that this fight has cost some of them their lives. Yesterday I saw on a target marker the name and address of a man from Bridgewater, New Hampshire, which is where we went to the barn dance last summer. Remember?

THE sergeant appeared in the doorway, shutting out the sunlight. "On your feet! On your feet!" he shouted, and they straightened their packs, slung their rifles again, and left the farmhouse for the road.

—JOHN CHEEVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE READING PUBLIC

For the purposes of this discussion, it is desirable to separate the purely logical concept of being from the actual fact of existence—without, of course, forgetting that the two are related through the will to be, which manifests itself in the subrational act of willing. Thus we avoid the pitfall presented by the confusion of I will with I am, though, to be sure, another danger lurks in the negation of I am through the purely pragmatic concept of the will-to-be as part of the will-be. Note, however (Appendix IX, pp. 439-467), that Grüssboscher proceeds on the assumption, erroneous in our opinion, that . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

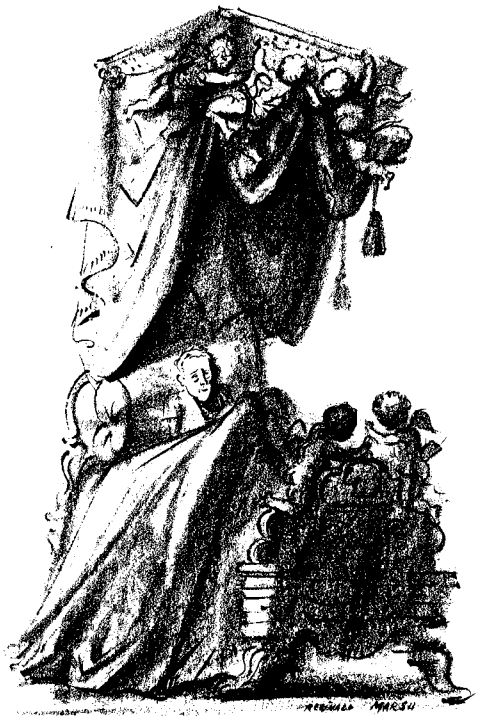
PROFILES

LEGEND OF A SPORT—II

THE late Wilson Mizner's first New York headlines were the biggest. They came on February 2, 1906, three days after he secretly married Mrs. Mary Adelaide Yerkes in her mansion at 864 Fifth Avenue. Mizner was twenty-nine years old, Mrs. Yerkes forty-eight. He was penniless; she was reputed to be worth $7,500,000. The news got three-column headlines on the front pages of some of the papers.

Mrs. Yerkes had been a widow for exactly one month when she married Mizner. Her previous husband was Charles T. Yerkes, whose name is known today mainly because of the Yerkes Observatory, which he gave to the University of Chicago. At the time of his death he was the celebrated Traction King. He built the Chicago Loop and the London Tube, and coined the golden text of city transportation, "It's the strap-hanger that pays the dividends." He was the hero of Theodore Dreiser's novels "The Titan" and "The Financier." He served a sentence for embezzlement in 1871 and boasted of wholesale bribing of city officials in Chicago. In spite of a Fifth Avenue mansion, an art collection, and a police record, Yerkes didn't penetrate beyond the outer defenses of New York society. As for Mrs. Yerkes, she, according to Mizner, couldn't get into the Haymarket, the least exclusive night spot in New York, with a letter from the Pope. A few years before the Traction King's death, he and his wife had separated. She objected to his seraglio; he objected to her drinking and making scenes in public. She once complained loudly in a theatre that the Lady Teazle on the stage was not really Lady Teazle, because she wore pink, whereas a painting in the Yerkes collection showed that the real Lady Teazle wore yellow. Mizner, a broad-minded man in most respects, also complained of her tippling, and described her as "web-footed."

Mizner had moved into the Yerkes mansion months before the death of the Traction King. The wedding was merely a ratification of the status quo. Married at leisure, they repented in haste. Wilson's brother Addison, later famous as a Florida architect, hurried to the Yerkes mansion on hearing the news. He found Wilson in a bed which



had once belonged to the Mad King of Bavaria; it was on a dais with two green velvet steps; gold cupids were putting an enamelled Goddess of Night to sleep on the head of the bed and waking her up at the foot. This was the late utility magnate's second-best bed; he owned a costlier sleeping arrangement which had once belonged to King Leopold of the Belgians. Propped up among pillows of peach-colored satin, covered to the waist with point lace, the bridegroom was wearing a gray woollen undershirt, the sleeves of which had shrunk nearly to the elbow. He was holding a sack of Bull Durham between his teeth and rolling a brown-paper cigarette. Addison excitedly asked the reason for the marriage. "The service is good here," said Wilson.

Addison disapproved of carrying the attachment to the point of matrimony. He had introduced Wilson and Mrs. Yerkes at the National Horse Show, where Addison was seated in a box with Mrs. Yerkes and another glittering dowager. The purposeful young architect had decided early in life that a talented but penniless young man eager to rise in the world should attach himself to glittering dowagers. In his early thirties he had arrived at an arena box at the Horse Show through this policy. It was against his will that Addison introduced Wilson to Mrs. Yerkes. It was, in fact, against his will that he recognized Wilson at all at the Horse Show. The brothers had last seen each other in Alaska about four years before. During those four years, Addison had polished himself up remarkably, and he feared that Wilson hadn't. When Wilson came in sight the young architect winked, shook his head, and made signs with his hands. These were intended to convey that Addison didn't wish to acknowledge his brother at the moment. Wilson, however, ignored the signals and approached the box. Addison greeted him in a low voice but did not offer to introduce him. After an embarrassed moment or two, however, the architect asked Wilson where he was living. "In a house of ill fame on Forty-eighth Street," said Wilson. This statement was overheard by the ladies. They were charmed. The newcomer was immediately taken into their circle. Wilson, according to good authorities, had borrowed $10,000 from Mrs. Yerkes before sun-up the following morning.

THE glamorous mésalliance was handsomely treated in the New York papers. The year 1906 was halfway between the Spanish-American War and the first World War. America had not yet learned that Europe existed. Washington was a secondary news centre, even though Theodore Roosevelt was President. New Yorkers were almost exclusively concerned with the events of the village stretching from Yonkers to the sea. It was the golden age of local newspaper reporting, especially for morning newspapers, most of which had no early editions. There was no hurry. A reporter could keep on retouching his prose until 1 or 2 A.M. The stories of the Mizner-Yerkes case in the old newspaper files have a cuteness, and geniality, which went out of journalism in 1914, when local news lost its predominance.

The Mizner-Yerkes story was improved by the fact that the bridegroom vanished and the bride for three days denied the marriage. Reporters, however, found the Reverend Andrew Gillies, of St. Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church, who had officiated. He said that Mrs. Yerkes was conscious at the time; he added heatedly that he wouldn't have performed the ceremony

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unless both parties were conscious. The newspapers had difficulty in obtaining biographical material about the missing husband. All that was discovered at first was that he came from San Francisco and had spent four years in the Klondike and Nome. Later dispatches from San Francisco said that he was interested in the turf. They related that in the course of a litigation over "Lucky" Baldwin's famous race horse Geraldine, Mizner stole her from a stable near San Francisco and rode her to Nevada in order to foil the California authorities. The New York *American* found an anonymous woman acquaintance of Mizner who said that he was "positively the most dashing young man in America," that he was "a belted knight transplanted directly from the age of chivalry," and that he was "an improved Robin Hood" and a combination of "a Sir Francis Drake and a Sir Richard Grenville."

A few days after the marriage, Mizner was found at the Hotel Astor. One newspaper account described him as a tall, large-headed young man wearing his hair long over his ears and parted far over on the left side. He had a tan topcoat with saucerlike pearl buttons, olive-green spats, and a cane. He confirmed the fact of the marriage and explained that he had absented himself from felicity for a few days because of important matters connected with his racing stable and his Alaskan and Mexican mining properties. The marriage, he asserted, was a most happy one. "Come and see," he said. With that he walked out of the hotel and hopped into an electric hansom. Reporters followed in horse-drawn cabs. On arrival, the long-legged bridegroom skipped up the steps three at a time, waving to the press to follow. Inside the residence, Mizner paused in the hall of statuary and gave a prolonged cry of "Coo-ee-ee." The former Mrs. Yerkes appeared on a balcony in a lavender tea gown.

She readily owned up, saying she had been swept off her feet by a whirlwind courtship. She requested the press not to say that she was eighty years old, and the reporters, according to the *World*, "agreed on an average age of thirty-two." Mrs. Mizner then paid a tribute to the institution of matrimony, urging all her callers to marry without delay, after which she withdrew from the balcony on the plea of a slight headache. Mizner remained to answer questions. He was absent-minded during part of the interview, according to the *Sun*, which described him as "gazing reflectively at a priceless tapestry." The interview was personal at times. Hadn't Mizner, up to a few days earlier, been living with a fiery-tempered girl in a two-dollar hotel on Twenty-eighth Street? Mizner objected to the form of the question. Hadn't neighbors complained of wild revelling up to daybreak after the wedding? Not at all—or if so, the revelry must have been in the servants' quarters. Hadn't he sold a gambling joint in Nome for $200,000 and lost the $200,000 back to the new proprietor at one sitting? No! How did the Yerkes mansion compare with

"For heaven's sake, Herbert, relax!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his shanty in Nome? It had it skinned a mile.

After other questions, Mizner showed the reporters around the gallery and lectured eloquently on the paintings, especially the Rembrandts. His favorite, however, according to the *Times*, was a painting of "an aged dead woman" by Balthasar Denner. It was so small that you had to look at it through a magnifying glass.

It was established that Mrs. Yerkes' wedding outfit had consisted of a black glitter gown and a Gainsborough hat with a white ostrich plume. In an exclusive interview with Violet Rogers of the *Journal*, Mrs. Mizner said she had married Wilson because he sang songs beautifully and read like an angel.

ALLOW ME, MADAM, BUT IT WON'T HELP

"Adorable" is an adjective and "womankind" is a noun,
And I often wonder why, although adorable womankind elects to talk standing up, it elects to put on its coat sitting down.
What is the outstanding characteristic of matinées, tearooms, and table d'hôtes?
Women, sitting firmly and uncomfortably on their coats;
Women at whose talents a contortionist would hesitate to scoff,
Because they also sat down on their coats to take them off.
What is *savoir-faire?*
It is the ability to pick up eighty-five cents in nickels and a lipstick with the right hand while the left hand is groping wildly over the back of a chair.
Yes, and if you desire *savoir-faire* that you could balance a cup on,
Consider the calmness of a woman trying to get her arm into the sleeve of a coat that she has sat down on too far up on.
Women are indeed the salt of the earth,
But I fail to see why they daily submit themselves voluntarily to an operation that a man only undergoes when he is trying to put on his trousers in an upper berth.

—Ogden Nash

• •

THE romance was on and off the rocks several times. The first quarrel, according to Mizner, was caused by anonymous letters, which poured in from the West and elsewhere. One charged that Mizner had killed a girl in Honolulu, a place he had never been. Others charged him with crimes of cunning and violence throughout a territory extending from the Arctic Circle to Mexico City.

The New York *Press* reported on June 16, 1906, that Mrs. Mizner had developed a disconcerting thrift. It added that Mizner complained that "she insisted that he tell her over and over again how much he loved her, and the constant demand that he reiterate the tale of his burning affection became monotonous to him." On one occasion Mrs. Mizner patched up a quarrel by reënacting the big Camille scene. Mizner had left her after a financial argument. She waylaid him near an elevator in the Hotel Astor and pelted him with greenbacks. Describing this in after years, Mizner said, "The greatest humiliation I ever underwent was picking it up." He contradicted himself slightly in another version, saying, "I picked up eight thousand dollars before I realized I'd been insulted."

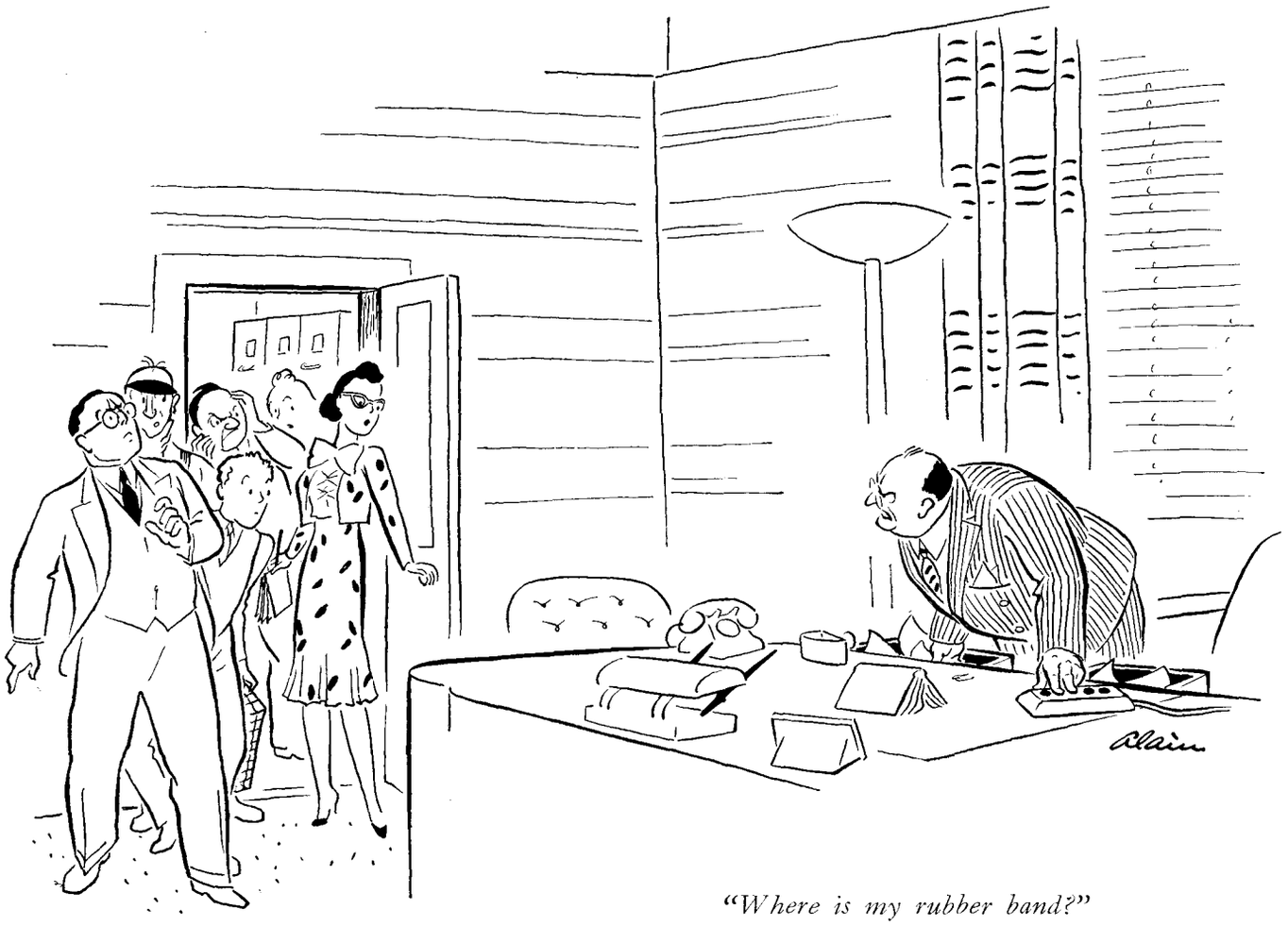
Because of Mizner's well-known acquisitiveness, it was assumed that he had bettered his condition substantially during his stay at the art-laden Yerkes mansion. It has been related by careless historians that he sang sentimental ballads to Mrs. Yerkes in an upstairs apartment while confederates substituted copies for originals of the old masters and walked out stiff-kneed because of the Corots and Van Dycks wrapped around their legs. But the fact is that Mizner was baffled at every turn by greedy little orphans. The Traction King had left a considerable part of his estate to selfish public institutions. Their representatives notified the widow, as soon as her romance with Mizner became known, that they would hold her personally responsible for every item in the collection. While it was not impossible to steal a painting or statue, it was practically impossible to dispose of it under these circumstances, and Mizner was always opposed to unnecessary risks. The executors never alleged that any of the art treasures had disappeared.

Mizner found that his bride had a prejudice amounting to a superstition against signing checks. A reliable witness on this point is Johnny Bray, a San Francisco sport, who was Mizner's confidential man at the time. Mrs. Yerkes' boudoir door had a wrought-iron lock of medieval workmanship, with an enormous keyhole. Through this, Bray maintained a vigil for more than an hour on one occasion while Mizner made eloquent confessions of love, blank check and fountain pen in hand. But Mrs. Mizner would not sign. She also kept a firm grip on her tiaras and lavallières, and even on her brooches and rings. There were consolation prizes, however. The Traction King had had a mania for expensive studs, waistcoat buttons, cuff links, clasps, and necktie pins, especially snakes with emerald-and-ruby eyes. Seven weeks after the marriage, Mizner, who was then living temporarily at the Hotel Cadillac, reported to the police that he had been robbed of two snakes with emerald-and-ruby eyes and other necktie pins, three loose diamonds, and several pearl studs, the lot valued at $7,500. Even trinkets like these didn't come easy, according to intimates of Mizner. He was once reduced to dressing a Greenwich Village bartender in a white tie and red sash and introducing him as the Spanish Ambassador in order to take advantage of his wife's belief that it was a Fifth Avenue custom to present diamond cuff links to ambassadors who came to dine.

MIZNER was reticent about the Yerkes adventure for many years. One of his few early references to it was made to his close friend Hype Igoe, the cartoonist and sportswriter. After sitting a long time with a faraway look on his face, Mizner exclaimed, apropos of nothing, "It's a damned unpleasant experience, Hype, to be stopped by two Pinkertons when you're walking out of your own house with a lard can full of jewels!"

In 1907, Mrs. Mizner obtained a divorce and the right to resume her former name. According to Addison Mizner, Wilson had nothing to show for the episode except an enamelled Russian spoon of modern design. The proof that he had gained no substantial amount was an item in San Francisco newspapers at about the same time, saying that he had gone to work there for Emile Brougière, who was one of the witnesses at his wedding. Brougière had a con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Where is my rubber band?"

• •

tract to remove debris after the San Francisco earthquake, and Mizner was in charge of two hundred of his carts. The newspaper story about his employment hurt Mizner's pride, as he had become the official ne'er-do-well and wastrel of the country. He quit the debris business after a few days and said in an interview in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, "Why should I work? I've committed no crime. Work is the poorest excuse for an occupation. I hate work like the Lord hates St. Louis."

Mizner returned to New York shortly after this and resumed living by his wits. He became a figure among the early-morning crowd at Jack's, on Sixth Avenue near Forty-fourth Street, the restaurant that old-timers seldom mention without becoming rhapsodical. He gained a reputation as a diplomat at Jack's because of an answer he gave when two gang leaders called him to their table and asked him to settle an argument. Both men were considered dangerous when disappointed. The argument was whether Lee or Grant was the greater general. "I don't know, gentlemen," said Mizner, "but they paid off on Grant."

An acquaintance picked up in Jack's became Mizner's backer in running the Hotel Rand, on West Forty-ninth Street. As a hotelkeeper, Mizner made such an impression that nearly twenty years afterward the Palm Beach correspondent of the *Morning Telegraph*, writing on March 10, 1926, of Mizner's Florida real-estate operations, recalled the Hotel Rand days in these words: "If a man named Butler or Francis subscribed himself 'Harrison' on the register, Mr. Mizner never gruffly called his attention to the error, but with the courtliness of the Old School affected not to notice it."

Mizner's bar at the Rand, designed by his brother Addison, was one of the fanciest in town. Mizner was once taken before a magistrate on a charge of throwing two guests into the fountain in the lobby for disputing their hotel bills. He asserted that the fountain would only hold one. "But I'm going to enlarge it," he added.

The late Karl Kitchen recorded in his column in the *Evening World* that Mizner used to shout "Keep the children away from the elevator!" from time to time in order to give the impression that it was a family hotel. Johnny Bray, Wilson's man Friday, was the hotel manager. According to his estimate, the guests were "eighty per cent keptees." Gene Buck was once walking along Forty-ninth Street when Mizner took him by the arm and led him across the street. Mizner explained that it was necessary to by-pass the Rand. "Never walk in front of it," he said. "The girls throwing down keys to their friends will knock your brains out."

Mizner was arrested on the complaint of two guests, Edward W. Knight and Burton Verden, who said that he had beaten them up with what they judged to be brass knuckles. Mizner denied it. Friends of Mizner said that he always advised against brass knuckles, saying they harmed the user more than the victim. He advocated closing the fingers over a saltcellar or a handful of silver or pennies, asserting that the important thing was to fortify the fist by a grip on something solid. Mizner's own knuckles were badly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken and staved in. About a quarter of a century after the Hotel Rand days, James Cagney happened to notice the battered knuckles. He suggested that Mizner must have done a lot of fighting in his early days. "Oh, no," said Mizner. "I got those knocking down dames in the Klondike."

ON October 8, 1907, the New York *Press* announced that Mizner had retired from the management of the Rand. The *Press* added, "The change in the management of the hotel was such an interesting topic that half the chorus girls missed their cues last night."

Mizner began writing for the stage. After turning out a couple of vaudeville acts, he wrote a full-length play, "The Only Law," in collaboration with George Bronson Howard. It was produced at the Hackett Theatre on August 2, 1909. It concerned a broker named Bannister, who kept a chorus girl named Jean, who kept a gigolo named McAvoy. It was about the first unetherealized glimpse of the underworld that New York theatregoers had ever had.

The dramatic critics of 1909 were spiritual colleagues of Anthony Comstock. They hated, in the words of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, anything which was not "sweet and pure and of good report." It was clear from the start that Mizner would not get along well with these people. William Winter, dean of the evangelical critics, in his review of "The Only Law" in the *Tribune*, said, "The play, it will be seen, invited an audience to observe the proceedings of sluts, scoundrels, and boobies." Under the headline "No Good End Served by Year's First Play," Louis De Foe in the *World* called it a drama of "Tenderloinized life," "a dishonor to the amusement profession," and "vulgar and reprehensible to the last degree." *Hampton's Magazine* said that the show pictured "one profession which has never until now been histrionically treated," but admitted that it had "reality and cleverness." The only strong champion of the Mizner-Howard work was Clayton Hamilton, who wrote in the *Forum* that it was "the best study of American underworld life yet written" and "the most sincere work of dramatic art" of the current season. The play had only a short run. It might have been a hit a decade or two later; today it would probably be regarded as a passé sermon.

The normal collaborators' hate between Mizner and Howard was aggravated by romantic entanglements. Howard was arrested for chasing a musical-comedy star with a knife because she had left him for Mizner. Mizner bailed him out and the charge was dropped, but Howard was not appeased. He took the typical revenge of the wronged literary man, writing Mizner up under the name of Milton Lazard in a novelette entitled "The Parasite," printed in the *Smart Set* in 1912. This fictionized biography charged that Mizner, besides cheating at cards, stealing pals' mistresses, riding a rail out of town after a Western escapade, and defrauding his own mother, was not funny. Mizner, he said, got his laughs by obvious tricks. Anybody who was willing to abandon his mind to such low devices could be at least as amusing as Mizner, according to Howard, who continued:

> He worked by formula, was amusing only in certain subjects. A detective couldn't catch a cold, couldn't find a third rail in the subway, couldn't locate a Saratoga trunk in a hotel bedroom, and so on, ad infinitum regarding the subject of detectives, a mere reversal of their astuteness. As for thieves, another class popularly supposed to be clever, a thief couldn't steal a bunch of grass from Central Park, or a handful of water out of the East River without getting an icicle down his back; or a swindler couldn't get a biscuit for a barrel of flour. Philanthropists wouldn't give the Lord a prayer, were closer than the next minute.

It was an ingenious fraud which Howard charged Mizner with perpetrating on his mother. Mizner, according to Howard, had a confederate send her a wire saying he was dead and requesting a modest sum to save him from burial in potter's field. Howard pictured his old associate as a sort of

NIGHT WATCH

"Flash. One, single, high, seen, Dudley six four, north, one half mile, east—and he dipped his wing to me!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

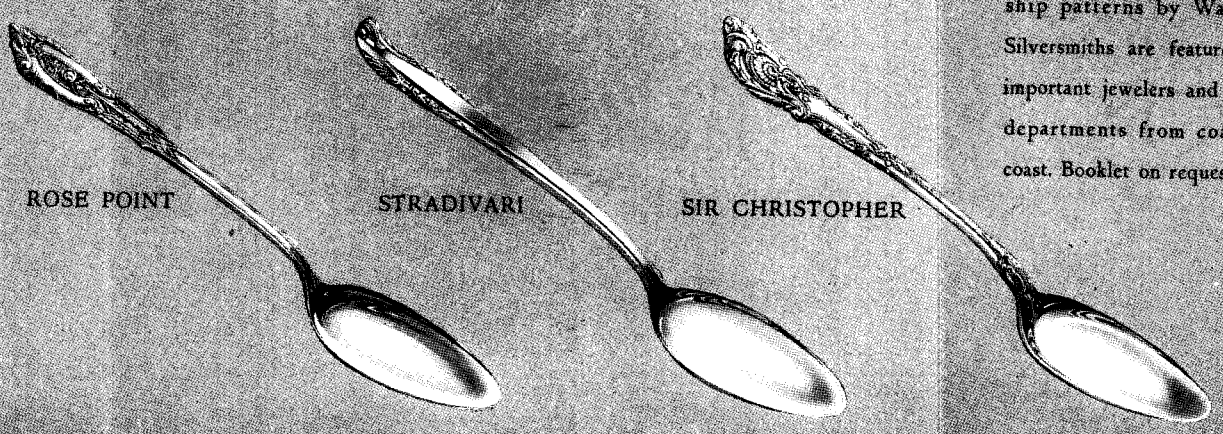
WALLACE

Grande Baroque

This glorious pattern is the mood of Grandeur, in precious Sterling. It is a Gala Art Performance in the joyous Baroque periods. It glorifies the much desired hand-wrought qualities of intricate openwork and full-formed, 3rd Dimension Beauty. It is definitely an "Art Treasure". . . a most useful investment that will declare handsome dividends to its proud possessor, for generations to come.

Grand Colonial

Grand Colonial, the newest and finest of all "plain" patterns, is in the American tradition. Colonial Fiddle Motif, full 3rd dimension form, and exclusive soft glowing opalescent finish. Authentic Master Craftsmanship patterns by Wallace Silversmiths are featured by important jewelers and silver departments from coast to coast. Booklet on request.



ROSE POINT

STRADIVARI

SIR CHRISTOPHER

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS · WALLINGFORD · CONNECTICUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hospitality, American Style!

GRACIOUS AS THE OLD SOUTH

When you want to serve something particularly delicious in cocktails, use Dixie Belle. It has that suave, well-bred manner that makes it mingle agreeably without overplaying its part. No matter what the occasion, gin drinks made with Dixie Belle win your guests' highest praise.

Continental Distilling Corporation
Philadelphia, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—MAX GORDON HITS—
"A HONEY OF A SHOW"—*Winchell*

MY SISTER EILEEN

Eves. (exc. Sun.) 8:40—$1.65, $1.10, 55c
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—$1.10, 55c
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. West of 8 Ave. Tel. CI 6-6363

"Buoyant, Giddy & Funny"
—*Atkinson, Times*

JUNIOR MISS

LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. except Mon. 8:40. Matinees Sat. & Sun.

CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER
John C. Wilson *presents*
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
BOOTH Theatre, West 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

BROADWAY'S NEWEST DRAMATIC HIT
EDDIE DOWLING and JULIE HAYDON
in SAROYAN'S
"HELLO OUT THERE"
and G. K. CHESTERTON'S
"MAGIC"

Eves. 8:40 — Mats.
BELASCO THEA., 44th E. of B'y • Wed. and Sat. 2:40

"ENORMOUSLY FUNNY"
—*Atkinson, Times*
MICHAEL TODD'S
STAR AND GARTER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
BOBBY CLARK • GYPSY ROSE LEE
Prof. Lamberti
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with LAURA HOPE CREWS & ERICH von STROHEIM
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

"One of the notable events of the season".—*Time Magazine*
LeGALLIENNE • SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
HUDSON Thea., 44th St. E. of B'way
Eves. 8:40—55c-$3.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
NINE GREAT STARS
Forty-two Featured Players in
"TALES OF MANHATTAN"
A 20th Century-Fox picture
GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

JOHNNY SINGS and PLAYS in the 23 Room
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON at 23RD
AIR CONDITIONED
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢

Robin Hood of blackmail; Mizner, he asserted, sold a thousand dollars' worth of information to a victim of blackmailers, enabling him to turn the tables on his persecutors. The collaborator unfortunately gave no details of the alleged ride on the rail. This was probably an invention; a ride on the rail is the sort of honor Mizner would have boasted about for the rest of his life. The collaborator's physical description of Mizner was accurate:

He was like a giant Brownie—a huge head shaped like a coal scuttle, a heavy round stomach, and the thinnest legs and smallest of feet, which, in one more than 6 feet tall, made him something of a monstrosity.

Mizner's collaboration with Paul Armstrong was more successful. This started when Mizner, from his great store of underworld knowledge, gave a few hints for "Alias Jimmy Valentine." He suggested the scene in which the reformed yeggman, preparing to crack one last safe in a good cause, sandpapered his finger tips to increase their sensitiveness. He was a full collaborator with Armstrong in "Deep Purple," a highly successful dramatization of the badger game, which Mizner knew from the inside. The next Armstrong-Mizner work was "The Greyhound," in which the chief characters were confidence men at work on an ocean liner. All of Mizner's dramatic efforts were by-products of guilty knowledge.

The collaboration took place under difficulties, as Armstrong usually rose at dawn and his partner at sunset. Armstrong did all the writing; Mizner only talked. An interminable conversationalist when he was giving his words away, he became monosyllabic and taciturn when he was being paid for them. Unable to endure being less than the head man in anything, he was resentful because Armstrong's name came first when their writing team was mentioned. He unfairly accused Armstrong of monopolizing the glory. The collaboration

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
CONSTANCE MOORE BENAY VENUTA RONALD GRAHAM
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

NOW!—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
S. HUROK
presents
★ *AN EXTRAORDINARY* ★
SEASON OF BALLET
★ 7 NEW BALLETS ★
Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo Oct. 12 to Oct. 20
Ballet Theatre Oct. 22 to Nov. 1 Incl.
TICKETS NOW FOR ALL PERF.
Evenings Including Sundays—85c to $3.85
Mats. Oct. 17, 24, 31 & Nov. 1—85c to $2.75.

"A COCK-EYED DELIGHT."—*Anderson, Jour. Amer.*

Strip for Action
A New Show
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St. W. of B'y.
PE. 6-8220. Evgs. 8:45-$1.10 to $3.85.
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:45

Fred F. Finklehoffe *presents*
GEORGE JACK ELLA THE
JESSEL•HALEY•LOGAN•De MARCOS
SHOWTIME
Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th, Eves. Incl. Sun.
$1.10-$2.75. (Sat. $1.10-$3.30.) Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 2:30 & 5:30. 55c-$1.65

"BRILLIANT—A HIT"—Anderson, Jour.-Amer.
50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
America's Only Ice Theatre
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. CI. 6-6740
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

LIFE MAGAZINE says "Janie is a box-office hit. It is gay, heartwarming, and produced with veteran skill."
BROCK PEMBERTON presents

Janie Season's Laugh Hit!
by Josephine Bentham & Herschel Williams
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Henry Miller's, W. 43. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

OLSEN & JOHNSON
in
SONS O' FUN
"Craziest succession of laughs ever . . ."
—LIFE
WINTER GARDEN, B'y & 50th. No perf. Mon.
2 Shows Saturday & Sunday, 2:30 & 8:30

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only One Man . . .

Proud indeed is the man who wears a Rolex Oyster Perpetual on his wrist . . . for only one American in 18,000 can own one! But this silent self-winder is more than distinguished. It is waterproof in the precise meaning of that word. ☆ ☆ ☆ Winner of the highest awards for wrist watches, Rolex presents proudly the Oyster Perpetual, the Oyster and a few other superb wrist-watch models, including a few ladies' models. Each Rolex chronometer* carries with it an official timing certificate. ☆ ☆ ☆ For those who deserve the best, the Rolex timepiece is a prized possession. Let a leading jeweler show you why. $75 to $500

*(*A chronometer is more than just a watch. It is an instrument measuring the time in accordance with precise limits and definite rules laid down officially.)*

ROLEX

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

580 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR—$6.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$9.00. My remittance is enclosed.

Canada, One year $7.00; 2 years $11.00.
Foreign, One year $8.00; 2 years $13.00.
Pan America and Spain
One year $6.50; 2 years $10.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

ended in the usual collaborators' row. Mizner carried the vendetta into the undertaking parlor. When the Twenty-third Psalm was read at Armstrong's funeral in 1915, he said in a resounding whisper, "That's the only part ever read in his presence that he didn't claim to have written himself."

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the second of a series of articles on the late Wilson Mizner.)

•

ANYBODY GOT A CREAKING JAW?

[One of our readers, whom we will call Mr. Hasslacher, complained to his dentist that he had a creaking of the jaw. At the dentist's suggestion, X-rays were taken by an expert and the following report was made, at a cost of only $30.]

The roentgenographic examination of the temporomandibular joints of Mr. Hasslacher, reveals the following:

In the lateral projection in centric relation, there is a marked infero-posterior displacement of the right condyle head in the mandibular fossa, while the left shows a posterior displacement, slightly downward too. Inferior displacements are a definite manifestation of occlusal interference in balance.

This is quite prominent on the left side and shows an obvious alteration on the right. This derangement and tension in the capsule of the left side has caused a displacement and possible detachment of the meniscus, which is acting as an impeding agent during functional excursions of the patient, that creates the clicking sensation of which he complains.

Since the midline is off to the left the patient opens over to the right in the opening process, requiring a wider excursion of the left side, that slides off the fibro-cartilage disk at the peak of this excursion to create the disturbance of which the patient complains. I believe this condition has been a progressive one that has now manifested itself to the irritation point, and will probably go on to a more aggravating condition if left unattended.

The vertex sub mental projection reveals a mesial placement as well, slightly more rotated on the left side, and shows alterative changes in contour that is a response to functional demands.

In the opening process, there is a slight tendency towards luxation of the left side as compared to the more restricted and controlled position of the right. This is likely the result of the stretched musculature of the part to produce a weakened muscle tone.

I feel the patient's occlusion should be equilibrated so as to permit an even distribution of occlusal stress that would permit him bilateral mastication, since his choice is on the right side now. This involves a heavier functional demand of the left condyle and should be equally distributed. Judicious spot grinding that will permit a fuller distribution of load on the teeth anterior to the second and third molars of either side, which are the only ones in contact now, during the balancing movements of his excursions, will be beneficial.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

BUT IS IT ART?

MY original suspicion of Maxwell Anderson hasn't, I'm sorry to say, diminished especially with the years or even with the war. "The Eve of St. Mark," his new play at the Cort, seems to me a superb recruiting poster, boldly and simply executed in primary colors, but theatrically it is certainly a dubious work of art, since a cliché unfortunately remains a cliché regardless of the motives of the man employing it. Mr. Anderson tells the story of an American farm boy—beginning with his last visit to his family (a painting by Grant Wood made vocal), and ending with his death on a rocky island in the Philippines (a scene from "What Price Glory?" made static and literary).

In a time of war there is obviously an easy appeal to the emotions in all of this, but I can't help feeling that there is a doubtful aftertaste, too. A good many of Mr. Anderson's effects are conceivably just a little too broad. There is a scene in which the hero and one of his friends, a partially decayed Southerner given to quoting from the works of John Keats, virtuously repel the advances of two prostitutes on the pretext that their hearts really lie elsewhere. I am opposed to this episode, not only because of something basically stuffy about it but also on moral grounds. It seems that before Mr. Anderson's Galahads showed up and made love to them, the girls had arranged to meet a couple of sergeants. Bewitched by the Keats enthusiast and his companion, however, they cancel their previous engagements so that, when the boys go high-minded on them, they are clearly out of work for the night. This is undoubtedly a beautiful and improving anecdote, but it also has the earmarks of a dirty trick. Then there is a semi-seduction passage—the telephone fortunately ringing just in time—which for me at least has exactly the same quality of false or implausible innocence to be found in the works of Booth Tarkington or in a drama called "Ah, Wilderness!," by Eugene O'Neill. And finally, there is Mr. Anderson's almost inevitable excursion into fantasy when his protagonist returns in ectoplasm from Bataan to visit in the bedrooms of his fiancée and his mother.

Beyond this, in criticism, I am obliged to remark that the farm people and soldiers in "The Eve of St. Mark" have somehow the air of being colored and heroic enlargements of themselves, executed perhaps by Mr. James Montgomery Flagg. It is just possible that Mr. Anderson stands in need of the same sort of acrid and realistic collaborator he once had in Laurence Stallings.

All this, it is only fair to say, is a minority report, most of my colleagues being of the rapturous opinion that at last a playwright has succeeded in putting all the heroism and sacrifice and suffering of this war down on the stage. I will gladly concede that Mr. Anderson has written an acceptable pamphlet about brave men at war, but that he has accomplished anything of a serious nature in the theatre is a proposition I will oppose until picked up by the F.B.I. Mr. Anderson, incidentally, has abandoned blank verse, except when intolerably goaded by a thought clearly too beautiful for prose. The title of his play, if that has been bothering you, is based on a legend, not, I imagine, in general circulation: "On St. Mark's Eve, if a virgin stand at the church door at dusk she will see entering the church all those of the parish who are to die that year. If her lover should enter among the others he will turn and look at her, may perhaps speak." I am a little vague about its precise application.

Of the cast, Aline McMahon, William Prince, Mary Rolfe, and James Monks are kept especially busy. From time to time, Miss McMahon actually convinced me that I was observing life, a considerable feat for a lady obliged to portray the Earth Mother, practically in caricature. The others are competent and industrious, and if they seem to creak a little now and then, the blame lies less with them than with their gifted author.

"Five hundred bucks! It's outrageous!"

THE rest of the week can be dealt with more or less briefly. There were two productions of a musical nature—"Count Me In" at the Ethel Barrymore and "Let Freedom Sing" at the Longacre—and a revival of "Three Men on a Horse," which appeared at the Forrest. The first of these items, though containing such accomplished artists as Charles Butterworth, Luella Gear, and Hal LeRoy, was hopelessly crippled by one of the silliest musical-comedy books on record—something

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INVITATION . . .

May we have the pleasure of your patronage during your next visit to New York?

•

Daily Tariff

SINGLE $5 · DOUBLE $7
SUITES $10 up

APARTMENTS BY THE MONTH OR YEAR

TWO EXCELLENT RESTAURANTS—POLO BAR

THE *Westbury*

MADISON AVE. AT 69th ST., NEW YORK
Just a few steps to Central Park

KARL P. ABBOTT, Managing Director
CURTIS I. SAWYER, Mgr.

"Here's tae learnin' aboot Scotch frae Teacher's"

Scotch-wise folks emphatically say that what you learn about Scotch whisky from Teacher's is all you really need to know . . .

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

about Father's efforts to serve the government along with the women and children of his family. I see no reason for you to bother with it. . . . "Let Freedom Sing," a product of the Youth Theatre, was a revue, featuring Mitzi Green, who, at twenty-one, though strong and willing, may still have a thing or two to learn about technique. There were some acceptable comedy scenes by a pair called Berni Gould and Phil Leeds and some rather attractive work by a pretty girl whose name is Betty Garrett. On the whole, however, I doubt if their vehicle really belonged on Broadway, where the will unfortunately is seldom accepted for the deed. . . . "Three Men on a Horse" has made so many appearances, both with and without music, that it probably needs no introduction to anybody over the age of twelve. The present production offers several members of the original cast, including William Lynn, Teddy Hart, and Horace MacMahon. It suffers, I'm sorry to say, from the absence of others, especially Millard Mitchell and Sam Levene, and John Cecil Holm's direction seems to lack something of the brisk authority once contributed by George Abbott. However, it is still reasonably good fun, particularly for that strange race of monomaniacs who admire horse racing.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

START WITH AN APPLE

Take an apple, take a big, round, red apple,
and a nice banana and put them in a fruit bowl,
in a big, wooden fruit bowl. Take some paint, dapple
the bedroom, dapple the living room, roll

a carpet of blue down on the floor; take
some large, light-maple chairs (paint your door red)
and scatter them about; take a lamp, make
some fine cretonne curtains, buy a first-hand bed.

Take a good wife, take a big, round, wise, good wife,
and a child, and maybe one or two things more,
then sit down on the maple chair and think: Some wife,
some child, some house. Why didn't I think of this before?
This is the life, *this* is the old life.

—Leonard Wallace Robinson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make mine Mount Vernon

..sure sign that you know the best rye to buy today

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

U. S. BOTTLED IN *BOND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The crest of quality since 1890

CRESTA BLANCA WINES

SERVE THE BEST ...FOR LITTLE MORE!

With so many people each day discovering the pleasant economy of American wines ... and enjoying wines with their meals as a matter of course ... this advice is important:
1) Cresta Blanca Wines are made from grapes grown on vines originally cut from the world's most renowned foreign vineyards.
2) Cresta Blanca White Wines are developed in even-temperatured caves, out of 50 years of skill and experience.
3) Cresta Blanca has been the crest of quality in wines since 1890.
If your purpose is to seek and serve the best for yourself ... and your guests ... take this friendly tip. Pay but a little more for these very finest wines, bottled at our great winery in sun-drenched California.

WHITE WINES
Cresta Blanca Sauterne
Cresta Blanca Haut Sauterne
Cresta Blanca Chateau
Cresta Blanca Chablis
Cresta Blanca Riesling

RED & SWEET WINES
Cresta Blanca Claret
Cresta Blanca Burgundy
Cresta Blanca Port
Cresta Blanca Sherry

TUNE IN! *"Cresta Blanca Carnival"*
starring: JACK PEARL and Morton Gould orchestra
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
every Wednesday at 9:15 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. (e.w.t.)

A Schenley PRODUCT

Copyright 1942
Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Livermore, Cal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Give Us This Day"

GIVE the children today what they need today. Their well-being is a precious part of the victory to come.

Childhood can't be deferred. We cannot freeze it for the duration. We cannot say to the children, "Stop growing strong, stop needing attention until after we have won this war."

Today many New York families are father-less, brother-less, son-less, for the duration — but few are child-less. To enable our New York children to grow strong and straight in body and spirit, the Community Service Society's staff of social workers and nurses gives skilled help. Last month over 4,000 families came to the Society for help with their problems.

Through your gift to the Society you will have a real share in helping children take their place in the kind of life and world that America is fighting for.

Give Today.

COMMUNITY SERVICE SOCIETY

105 EAST 22 STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A private family welfare agency serving Manhattan, Queens and the Bronx. Established in 1939 by the merger of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and The Charity Organization Society. WALTER S. GIFFORD, Chairman of the Board; BARKLIE HENRY, President; LINDSAY BRADFORD, Treasurer; SAMUEL A. WELLDON, Chairman of the Finance Committee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO BUMS HERE WOULD SPEND FREELY EXCEPT FOR POVERTY

NOBODY knows how the boss of this saloon on Third Avenue reaches such quick decisions about people who come in, but he does. Like in the case of the two bums who came in Sunday afternoon off the avenue.

It was that time on Sunday afternoon that the inhabitants of this place call the Angelus. That's about four o'clock, when late hangovers from Saturday night come in one by one. They stay that way, too, one by one. Each man makes himself into an island, standing in front of the bar, and everyone keeps a space on each side of him the way water is on the sides of islands. These hangovers feel too terrible to talk to each other for a couple of hours yet, anyway. Each of them keeps staring into the mirror in back of the bar and saying to himself, "Look at you, you'll never amount to anything. You went to school and grew up and everything and now look at you, you'll never amount to anything." Old veteran Third Avenue bartenders call this fighting the mirror, and they all think it is very bad for a man. The place is sad and quiet when a batch of hangovers are doing this and so someone nicknamed this time of Sunday afternoon the Angelus.

The boss was tending bar himself. He was on the pledge again this Sunday afternoon, so he was standing behind the bar and not saying hardly anything. He is a sour man when not drinking, because he is a man who doesn't take very well to not drinking.

The two bums came in walking as if they had the bottoms of rocking chairs for feet. They had that heel-and-toe walk that punch-drunk fighters have that roll from heels to toes like a rocking chair rocks from back to front. They were never fighters, though, these two bums, too frail-built and no cauliflower ears on them.

They were scratch bums. In this neighborhood they call them scratch bums when they've got as far low as they could get, and don't even try any more to keep themselves without bugs on them. Therefore, scratch bums.

One bum had a version of a straw hat on him he rescued, most likely out of a ashcan in a fashionable neighborhood. It had onetime been one of those peanut straws they call them that look like a panama that's got sunburned, only cheaper price. The hat had a hell of a swaggering big brim on it, and looked funny over the scratch bum's crummy clothes. The other bum carried a closed cigar box under one arm, for God knows what and nobody ever did find out. The two bums were arm in arm and they came in without making hardly a sound.

The boss took a drag on his cigarette and laid it down, the way he does when he's ready to tell bums to turn right around and get out of there, but the bums reached the bar before he did that. They come rolling up to the bar on the rocking-chair feet and one bum, the most sad-faced one, dredged up two nickels out of his pocket and slithered them onto the bar.

"How much is a glass of wine?" the bum asked, and even the hangovers heard him and looked surprised. Nobody ever asks for a glass of wine hardly in that neighborhood. Except maybe on Christmas Eve some non-drinker might unloosen himself up that much on account of Christmas. They keep wine only for show-off, so when the bum asked for wine a couple of the hangovers looked at him and so did the boss. He didn't seem to believe his ears, but he answered the bum. "Aw, wine is twenty-five cents," the boss said. He shoved back the puny pair of nickels at the bum.

"Oh!" the bum said. Just plain "Oh." He picked up his two nickels and him and his pal turned to go out. They took a couple steps toward the door when all of a sudden the boss yelled, "Hey, just a minute!" and wiggled a finger on one hand for them to come back to the bar.

WELL, the two bums stood there, wondering what was going to happen. The boss walked down to the other end of the bar and he reached back and got two of the best wineglasses and wiped the dust off of them. He walked back with a hell of a flourish and set the glasses on the bar in front of the two bums. In this place they keep the imported stuff that's hard to get on account of there's a war in a little locker under the back end of the bar. The boss stalked back to this locker and out he hauls a bottle of imported Spanish sherry. Not the junk, a bottle of the McCoy, the real stuff, best in the house. He went to the bums and poured out two glasses full. Then he said, "Drink up, fellers, and welcome!"

You'd think the bums might be surprised, but they didn't look it. They seemed to take it in their stride like everything else. They lifted the glasses and drank the wine slow.

"Thank you, sir," the one with the big-brim hat said. "We won't be botherin' you any longer." And the two of them give their mouths a slow swipe with the backs of their hands and swivelled around from the bar and walked out. The bums looked dignified.

"Now, why in the hell did you do that?" one of the hangovers asked the boss.

"Never mind why I done it," the boss said, grumpy. "Those fellers would spend thousands of dollars if it wasn't for they haven't got even a quarter. Only two nickels. Never mind why I done it."

THE boss kept smoking his cigarette a while and paying no attention to the hangover customers. After a couple minutes, damn if he didn't go down again to the far end of the bar and get his hat. He kept trying it on this way and that in front of the mirror.

"I wish to God," he said, "I could get my hat to set on my head the way that hat set on the bum. Now, didn't it have a hell of a jaunty look to it?"

—JOHN MCNULTY

•

TREASURE

The cows come slowly crowding to their stalls;
Beyond, the slanting yellow sunlight falls
On fields of wheat and oats, while overhead
The barn reëchoes to the stamp and tread
Of horses drawing in a load of hay.

This is the golden prize for which men slay;
This is the bread and milk, the final want
Locked in a placid valley of Vermont.

—GERALD RAFTERY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How good are the British as Allies?

Talk to almost any dozen people and you'll find that U. S. opinion of the British runs all the way from starry-eyed worship to bitter criticism.

Which proves that 3000 miles of Atlantic, while no longer an impossible military barrier, can be a barrier to understanding.

Our enemies are pleased that this barrier exists. The Nazis are doing everything in their power to make Americans distrustful of the British, distrustful of their military ability, of their willingness to carry their fair share of the load.

For this reason LIFE has considered it a duty—as the magazine reaching the largest number of readers in America—to present a complete portrait of Britain, with no shortcomings glossed over, with no strengths omitted from the record.

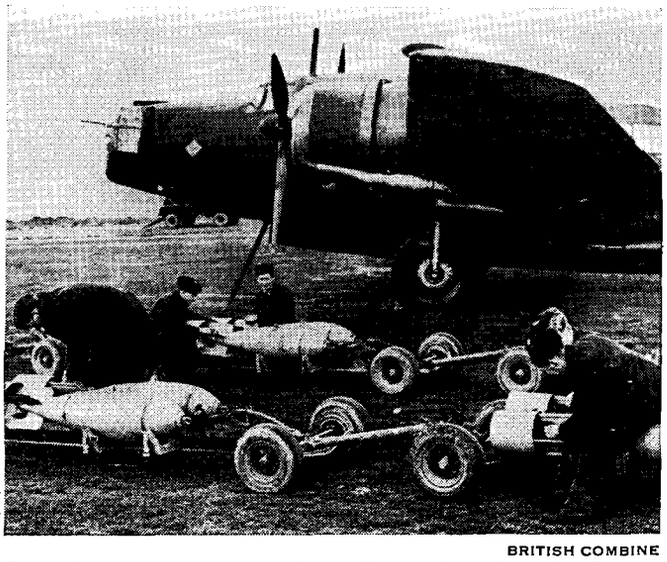
To present on the one hand the picture-story of the British who in the last 12 months have convoyed to the battle fronts of the Middle East alone more than 30,000 vehicles of war . . . who have sent out nearly five bomber and fighter planes to Russia and other fronts for every plane they received from us in 1941 . . . who sent out 15 tanks for every one imported . . . who have been shipping 80% of the output of their factories to fronts *outside* of England.

To present on the other hand the picture-story of the British who lost or shared in the loss of Belgium, France, Norway, Greece, Crete, Malaya, Burma, and the Dutch East Indies . . . who are now in an unadmirable as well as an uncomfortable spot in India . . . who may possibly lose Egypt and the Suez Canal before the year is out.

In LIFE you find no prejudiced reporting—either pro or anti—about the British. What you *do* find is a true and honest wartime portrait of them: their fighting forces, their government, their colonies, their war production, their life at home.

Out of such reporting comes increased Allied unity. For each of these accurate word-and-picture reports in

Britain's Government. Readers of LIFE are aware of the Churchill government's strengths and weaknesses. They realize how on the one hand it has blundered in Asiatic policy, but on the other hand has lifted Great Britain from military bankruptcy after Dunkirk to a formidable military power



BRITISH COMBINE

Britain's War Production. Great Britain has done far better than the U.S., as LIFE readers realize, on war production. The British have completely mobilized their man power and woman power. (1½ million women work in vital war industries.) Great Britain, so far, has *really* been the Arsenal of Democracy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain's Fighting Forces. Though British generalship, as LIFE honestly discloses, has ranged from bad to brilliant, Britain's fighting man has proved himself *consistently* one of the world's best. Contrary to Axis propaganda, Empire casualties have been more than 70% British, less than 30% Dominion, Indian, and Colonial.

LIFE makes for a more sympathetic knowledge of how the British think and act. It gives us ballast and balance. It keeps us from blowing hot one day, cold the next, toward our Island Ally in Europe. This is good medicine for us—bad medicine for Hitler's policy of "divide and rule."

Good medicine for us and bad for Hitler because each week more than 23 million civilians (plus 63% of the men in our armed forces) look to LIFE's pages for the guidance of *truth*.

These people will not accept rumor for fact. These people, though with strong minds of their own, realize that not alone through courage, toil, and sacrifice will victory be won . . . but also through understanding.

The British at Home. LIFE's 23 million readers get intimate, bread-and-butter portraits of the British, find them much like their own relatives and friends: people you admire one minute and want to kick in the pants the next. But people with the same ideas we have of decency, of democracy, and of fair play.

LIFE

"America's Most Potent Editorial Force"

More than 4 million copies sold each week! Read by more than 23 million people! Bought by more people, read by more people *than any other weekly* magazine in the history of publishing!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

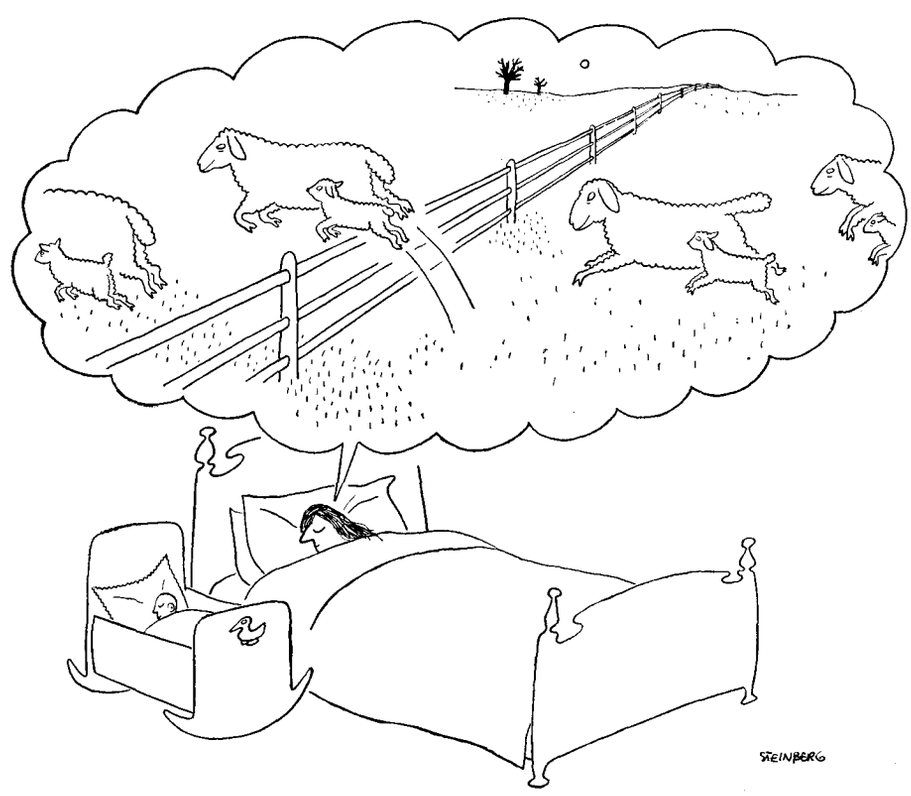
THUCYDIDES HAD THEM IN MIND

ONCE I was told that the reason the men aboard our Navy's submarines volunteer for this branch of the service is that they are paid fifty per cent more than the men aboard surface craft and get better meals. I didn't believe it. Nor did glory, I felt sure, have much to do with their choice, since many of those who volunteer for submarine duty are Navy men who have served aboard surface craft and, frequently, have already seen action. Yet in spite of the severity of the tests for candidates, the relatively long and complicated course of training, and the greatly increased number of submarines being launched these days, the Navy has found no difficulty in assembling fresh crews. A couple of weeks ago I was given permission to visit the Navy submarine base near New London, Connecticut, and, along with a group of student officers, to take a short cruise on and under Long Island Sound. That sample of submarine life turned out to be no less confining than I had expected, but at the same time I think I came to understand something of why certain men choose to follow this, to a layman, unnatural career. As I had expected, it had little to do with the extra pay or the greater variety of desserts.

I reached the base about ten o'clock one morning and was promptly taken in charge by a young ensign who had been given the chore of showing me around. He told me that all the training subs were out making their regular morning runs and, while we were awaiting their return, he would like to take me on a brisk tour of the buildings and grounds. The base stretches along the rocky eastern bank of the Thames River, flanking the course over which the Yale-Harvard boat races used to be rowed. The place has the air of a small but thriving nineteenth-century port. A long series of wooden docks reach out into the river, backed by colorless brick and brownstone sheds and barracks. Two or three college-style buildings are set in a neat green campus on a slope above the river. This is as it should be, since the base is essentially a school. Dominating the establishment is a high, bulbous, altogether mysterious-looking tower. The ensign led me over to it, and as we climbed a stairway winding around it like a fire escape, he explained that the tower had been built to train students in the use of the submarine-escape lung. The lung, a rubber-and-canvas device resembling a gas mask, is designed to make it possible to escape from a damaged submarine at any depth to which the sub is likely to go. The tower is, in effect, a water tank, eighteen feet in diameter and a hundred feet high. Students, wearing the lung, enter the tank through locks at various depths along the sides—eighteen feet, fifty feet, one hundred feet—and allow themselves to rise to the surface, slipping up a rope hand over hand in order to slow down their ascent sufficiently to let their bodies become gradually adjusted to the steady decrease in pressure. The lung permits them to breathe freely underwater, and instructors go up another rope beside them to make sure that they don't rise too rapidly. The ensign pointed out that the physical requirements for submarine candidates are necessarily much stricter than those for ordinary service. A man with nothing worse than faulty sinuses, too narrow ear canals, or just a slightly crooked septum might have trouble with the escape-lung tests. He would be a bad risk aboard a submarine.

After reaching the top of the tank, stopping at various levels to look in through portholes, we walked down the stairway again. At the bottom, the ensign snapped on some lights inside the tank and we peered into it through a porthole. Through a green gloom of water, I could see two flagrantly voluptuous mermaids—Winnie and Minnie, my guide told me—painted on the inside of the tank. Once a student has passed the hundred-foot test, he is given an unofficial diploma by his instructors, proclaiming, with hearty Navy humor, his dubious relationship with Winnie and Minnie.

THE ensign then led the way to the campus on the hill. Stopping in briefly at various classrooms there and listening to the lectures in progress, I gathered that the mental requirements at the base were almost as high as the physical. All submarine-officer candidates must be well grounded in mathematics, chemistry, and physics. Furthermore, they, as well as the seamen who make up the rest of the crew, must show considerable aptitude for working with their hands. In one room the men were taking apart torpedoes and putting them together again. Since a torpedo is, for its size, one of the most complicated mechanisms in the world, this is no job for a butterfingers. In the next room some students were experimenting with sound-detection devices, and in another they were memorizing the profiles of enemy craft and then spotting miniature ships through a real periscope. The snatches I heard of the lectures were mathematical gibberish to me; the courses in navigation and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERFUME, $1.50 and $3.75 LILTING FRAGRANCE, $1.25 FACE POWDER, $1.00 DUSTING POWDER, $1.00 TALC, 50c SOAP 35c and 50c BATH BUBBLES, $1.00 ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

barbara gould New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA has 250,000 women doing its work. These women are sewing, knitting and carrying on Salvage Projects. These women are helping to supply the needs of the United States' Armed Forces and their families . . . whenever and wherever called upon so to do.

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA wants to enlarge its membership. Bundles for America wishes to render even greater service to the War of today and the post-War of tomorrow—"on land, on sea and in the air."

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA has an X-Ray Salvage Project. Will all doctors in New York City wishing to contribute their discarded X-Ray film, please notify National Headquarters? Doctors outside New York City please notify the nearest Branch of Bundles for America. If Hospitals and X-Ray Laboratories find it possible to give us a donation, it will be appreciated.

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA has many necessary, helpful Projects in full swing all over the United States. For example—in Greater New York Real Estate Projects are conducted, wherein member residents of Apartment Houses may, with the aid of National Headquarters, form individual Units of Bundles for America in their Buildings.

BUNDLES FOR BLUEJACKETS is the Naval Division of Bundles for America, serving the United States Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Maritime Commission.

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA needs your help today. Contribute One Dollar for Active Membership *now*. Please send remittance to address below.

For further information, please telephone PLaza 5-9100. National Headquarters, 681 5th Avenue, New York City

BUNDLES FOR AMERICA INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

range-finding which I happened across had apparently left geometry, or my kind of geometry, a long way behind. The most important courses, I was told, were those in the actual construction of submarines.

"We go over every inch of a sub in theory here," the ensign said. "We make dozens of line drawings of it, from stem to stern. Then we go out in the subs, as you'll go out this afternoon, and put the theory into practice. We have to know the workings of all the various ventilating and piping systems, which means that we have to be better than amateur electricians, steam-fitters, and engineers. This sort of schooling lasts several months, and by the time we're through we can trace fuel and air lines in our sleep. We have to be able to, because things can't go wrong in a sub." The ensign grinned. "They can go wrong, but they can't stay wrong. It wouldn't be healthy." As he finished speaking, I copied down a motto printed in large black letters over one of the entrance doors: "Their want of practice will make them unskillful, and their want of skill timid. Maritime skill, like skills of other kinds, is not to be cultivated by the way or at chance times." "That's Thucydides," the ensign said, "400 B.C. He sure had us in mind."

Outside once more, the ensign pointed downriver and said, "Here they come." Shading my eyes, I made out a half-dozen dark hulls, low in the water, gliding toward the base. We hurried down to the docks. As we waited for the subs to tie up, a group of eight student officers with whom I was to sail arrived, and the ensign introduced me to them. Listening to them talk, I was surprised to learn that most of them were married. In one breath they spoke of rents, food, and babies, and in the next they spoke of their recent tours of duty. Several of them had been assigned to destroyers on convoy duty between this country and Iceland. One had been at Pearl Harbor, another in the Battle of the Coral Sea. They were all extremely young, lean, and tanned. It occurred to me that, probably for the first time in my life, I was looking at a group of men who among them didn't have a single physical defect.

The sub on which I was to sail came in and was made fast, and a gangplank was lifted onto the dock. A group of student officers got off, and my group went aboard. My guide took me up the gangplank to the deck, where he turned me over to a Lieutenant Glaes, the sub's second-in-command, and then left us. I learned that Lieutenant Glaes, a tall, open-faced Pennsylvanian, was a graduate of Annapolis, twenty-six, married, and had a four-month-old son. He introduced me to the sub's captain, Lieutenant Germershausen, who, at thirty-one, was also married and a father. Both Germershausen and Glaes were graduates of the New London school. In addition to the students, the two lieutenants, and myself, there was an instructor from the school aboard, and a regular crew. As the lieutenants and I stood about on the narrow deck, talking, the instructor ordered one of the students to take the sub downriver. The student and Lieutenant Germershausen went up to the bridge, and the sub got under way. The rest of us remained on the deck, watching the base recede from view, and Lieutenant Glaes told me something about his ship.

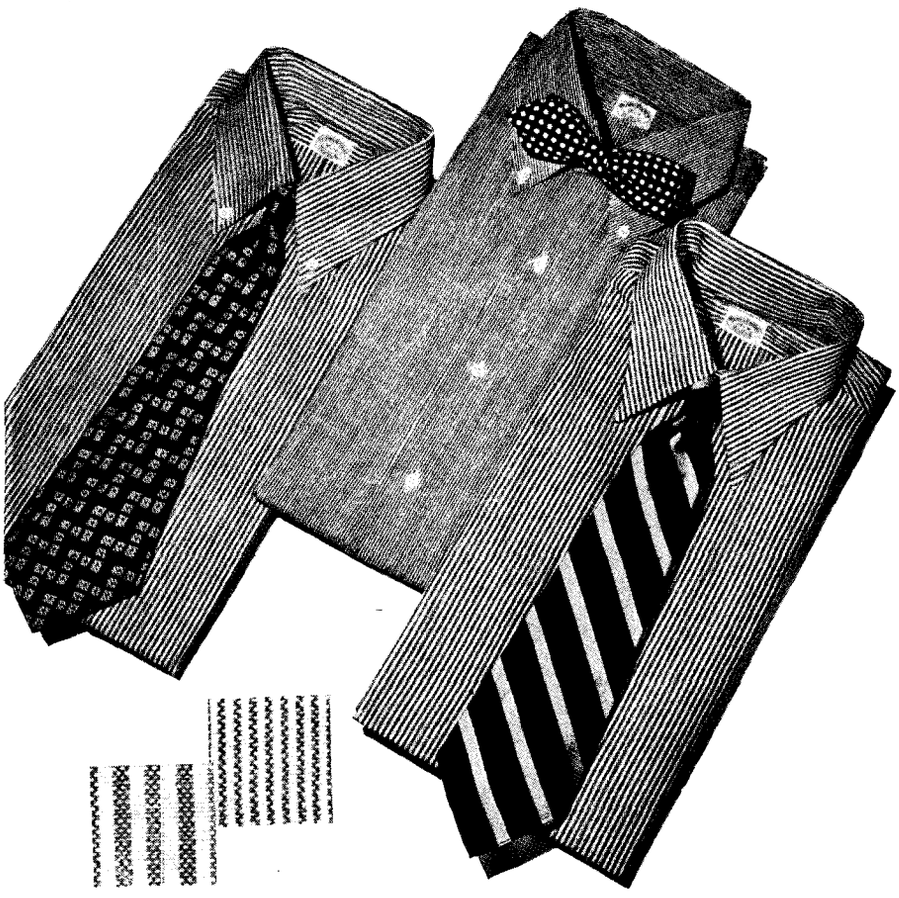
SHE was, he said, an old one, and had seen service in the last war. She had been out of commission for many years but had recently been rebuilt and refitted for base duty. Like all subs, she was driven by Diesel engines while on the surface and by battery-powered motors when submerged. She looked big to me, but Lieutenant Glaes called her tiny compared to the new subs on which he hoped to serve someday. Lieutenant Glaes asked me if I would like to go below. We would not be diving until we reached the Sound, he told me, but this was the best time to walk around the ship. I took a last look at the water lapping the deck, then followed Lieutenant Glaes down a ladder in the hatchway, a polished steel cylinder about ten feet deep, hardly wide enough to accommodate a full-grown man's body. Reaching the bottom, I found myself in the engine room, on a narrow walk between two pounding engines.

Over the sound of the engines, Lieutenant Glaes told me that there were six compartments in the sub: the torpedo room, the forward battery, the control room, the after battery, the engine room, and the motor room. Only the motor room lay aft of us, in the tail of the ship. Like the rest of the six compartments, it could be shut off by watertight doors. Once the sub submerges, the Diesels must be stopped, since, like all internal-combustion engines, they burn up air. The engine room was fairly hot and filled with fumes. Lieutenant Glaes said it wasn't bad at all. "Nothing poisonous about these smells," he said. "Good for you, probably."

I had to bend practically double to get through the doorway into the next compartment forward, the after battery, which also served as a galley. The batteries lay out of sight below a watertight composition deck and behind bulkheads at either side. The regular crew of seamen had just finished their lunch. I asked Lieutenant Glaes whether it was true, as I had heard, that men aboard submarines got better meals than anyone else in the Navy, and he said it was. Breakfast is at seven, lunch at eleven, and supper at four-thirty; an unofficial supper usually follows around eight-thirty. For lunch that day the men had had roast pork, mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, and a choice of apple pie, coconut-custard pie, or ice cream. Submarine men are notoriously heavy eaters, and one or two members of the regular crew were already back in the galley spreading peanut butter and honey over thick slabs of bread. Nearly everyone drinks from five to ten cups of coffee a day. The officers are served in their quarters, but the men eat wherever they can find a handy valve or pipe to sit on. Of course, the subs on patrol in the Pacific, say, are a good deal roomier than the training subs.

Lieutenant Glaes led the way into the control room. Thanks to my early movie training, I was able to identify the two periscopes in the centre of the room, but the rest of the equipment, which covered the bulkheads, the overhead, and most of the deck, outdid even Hollywood in its effect of overdrawn complexity. We ducked into the next compartment, the forward battery, which doubled as the officers' wardroom and sleeping quarters for both officers and men, the distinction between the accommodations being, as far as I could see, largely imaginary. I counted nine bunks in a space about six feet square, in which the crew slept. Then there were four officers' berths, which were set farther apart and looked slightly more comfortable than the others, though they were no more private. Next to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BROOKS BROTHERS' CELEBRATED SHIRTS IN CHEVIOTS JUST IN FROM SCOTLAND

Any shipment of imported shirtings these days is news... and a shipment of Cheviots such as we have recently received from Scotland is *big* news. Stripes of two different widths as illustrated (actual size), blue, tan, green or grey. Buttoned down "Polo" or pointed-end "Tennis" collars. Brooks Brothers' famous cut and own workmanship throughout—with generous back pleat for extra comfort and extra wear across the shoulders. Tailored and finished in the manner of shirts made to order—ready for immediate purchase and delivery. $6.50.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES

NEWBURY CORNER BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
710 PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING • LOS ANGELES
1021 111 SUTTER STREET BUILDING • SAN FRANCISCO
MADISON AVENUE CORNER FORTY-FOURTH STREET • NEW YORK

Brooks Brothers' Travelling Representatives Visit Cities from Coast to Coast

captain's bunk was a small, felt-covered table, and over it a single shelf of technical books. Above the head of the captain's berth, where he could read them without getting up, were gauges showing the depth and course of the sub.

The foremost and biggest compartment, the torpedo room, was in the bow of the ship. Several spare torpedoes lay in racks along the bulkheads. They were at least fifteen feet long and a couple of feet in diameter, and they looked to me something like scale-model submarines. Three members of the crew were seated next to the torpedoes, listening over a portable radio to the broadcast of a football game in New York.

We climbed up through the torpedo-room hatchway onto the forward deck. As we steadied ourselves by gripping the thin cables which served as railings, we heard a lookout on the bridge shout, "Man overboard!" The sea was smooth and the visibility fair, and all I could see overboard was a fruit crate bobbing in our wake. Lieutenant Glaes smiled and said, "That's our man overboard." A seaman holding a boat hook dropped from the deck onto a kind of fin which extended from the side of the hull. The instructor watched from the bridge. The student officer on the bridge shouted a series of orders to the steersman, which I was careful to write down: "Rudder amidships. Right full rudder. All engines stop. All ahead full. Rudder amidships. Right full rudder. All back full. All stop." Rather to my surprise, the sub came about in an easy circle, the engines were cut, and we glided gently up to the fruit crate, which was hauled aboard by the seaman with the boat hook. The instructor nodded and said, "Well done."

"We practice rescue work a good many times a day," Lieutenant Glaes explained. "Subs are shaped like cigars. They're only a few feet across, and when we hit a choppy sea we're liable to lose one of us overboard. Sounds silly, but it happens. The chief reason we practice rescues, though, is to test the student officers' handling of the ship. They have to be able to pick up those fruit crates as quickly and neatly as if this sub were a twelve-foot skiff. Some of the boys learn to do it the second or third time."

Just then the instructor, still on the bridge, called out, "All right, men. Stand by to dive." As all of us on deck prepared to go below again, the lookout sighted a Catalina patrol bomber off our port bow. She swung over us and signalled, with her blinker, "Ship un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known." I was grateful for the speed with which we proved ourselves to be—by what means I can't say—a friendly ship.

ONCE the last man was below, the hatches were shut, and the Diesel engines stopped. Most of us gathered in the control room while a student, who was acting as captain, kept an eye at one of the periscopes and called out orders to another student, who was acting as diving officer and stood three or four feet away. "Take her down to thirty-eight feet," the first student called. I felt the muscles in my legs and arms tighten. The diving officer passed along the word to some petty officers who were operating the controls, and we began to submerge. I felt no particular physical sensation. The captain, standing at the other periscope, made sure that the dive was not too steep. Lieutenant Glaes told me that the angle of dive is controlled by what are called diving planes, one of which was the finlike flange I had noticed before; the speed of descent is controlled by the speed of the boat, the diving angle, and the speed with which the main ballast tanks are flooded. I watched the needle of an indicator over the diving officer's chart slip from "surface" to "20 feet," and then to "38 feet," the limit to which this sub could sink without blanking its periscope. The sub levelled off delicately. Then the student officer brought her up again.

Another student officer took over and repeated the performance. When each of the eight student officers had had a hand in acting first as captain and then as diving officer, the instructor ordered torpedo practice. Each of the ship's torpedo tubes was filled with a quantity of water approximating the weight of a torpedo, and these water slugs, as they are called, were expelled by compressed air, just like the real thing. Lieutenant Germershausen, observing through the periscope, followed the course of a hypothetical target and judged whether the student officers made theoretical hits.

While the student officers proceeded to the range-finding part of their practice, Lieutenant Glaes and I sat down on a berth in the officers' wardroom. Coffee was brought to us by a young colored mess attendant. I could hear the instructor asking questions in the control room—"How do you pump from after trim to regulator?"—and getting what must have been, to him, satisfactory answers. "After trim on trim line, open trim line by-pass," I could hear, "open forward trim on manifold, open regulator on manifold, rotate the pump."

"Naturally, I don't understand a word of that," I said to Lieutenant Glaes, "but there are other things I don't understand. It's been less than an hour since we've been more or less submerged, but I already feel a sense of being trapped, a sense of the possibility that we may never get back up. Doesn't that begin to worry you after a while?" Lieutenant Glaes sipped his coffee. "Not when things are going as smoothly as this," he said.

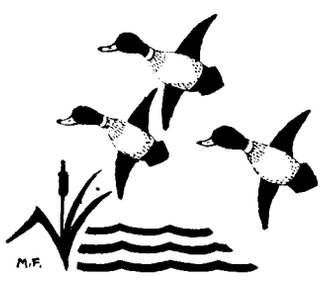
I asked him if sub men ever got on each other's nerves. "On regular duty there'll be thirty or more of us jammed together on a sub this size," he said. "We're bound to get sick of the sight of each other, eating and sleeping and working together like that, sometimes for weeks and even months on end. And we don't have much time to escape by reading books or writing letters. We just drink our coffee and hang on."

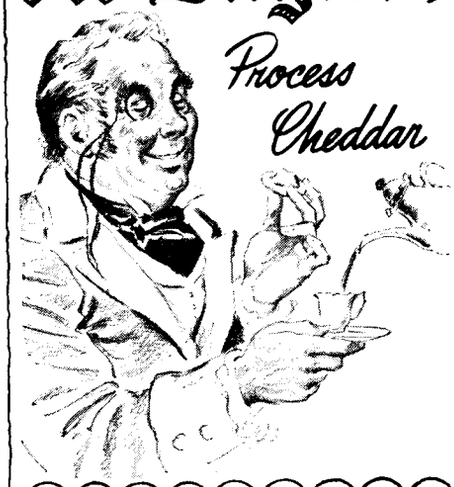
"But why do it at all?" I asked. "Why not stick to the surface craft to which you were first assigned? Why go out of your way to make yourself miserable?"

"That's easy," Lieutenant Glaes said. "For one thing, on a sub every man feels just about as important as every other man; no one can afford to fail, to make a slip. And since there are only thirty of us, all thirty must be thoroughly dependable. We do get sick of the sight of each other, but we get past that. We get to—oh, hell—respecting each other. On a can, that's to say a destroyer, you may be assigned to some job belowdeck and feel you've never seen action at all. On a battleship you may never see an enemy ship, never fire a shell. Here, we're bound to see the show, because we're all the time out searching and being searched for."

"And I suppose the advancements in rating come pretty fast?" I asked.

"That's another thing," he said. "Either they come fast or you're expected to clear out. This is just about the best test of a man the Navy has, the biggest challenge. You've read about Germany having more trouble training crews than building subs? Well, it's



Easy, perfect dessert!
Old English
Process Cheddar

SHARP CHEDDAR FLAVOR is what the dessert service cries for. Just the right, rich "nip" of Cheddar goodness to finish off dinner with crackers and coffee. Old English Brand is *the* cheese to pick. And remember . . . since this is a Kraft pasteurized process cheese it's grand for *cooking*, too!
Every bite-a rare delight

Entirely new taste surprise in midget cocktail crackers. Proudly served at New York's smartest clubs and bars. SNIFTIES add cheer to beer, make all beverages taste better. Big jar of joy contains 200. 59¢ at FINER food stores in N. Y. area. Outside N. Y., postpaid for 59¢ (check or stamps).
10 OUNCES NET WEIGHT
Burry's
BAKERS SINCE 1849
Snifties
AN UNUSUAL COCKTAIL CRACKER
BAKED BY BURRY'S CHICAGO, ILL.
BURRY BISCUIT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOPS & SERVICES

SERVICES

GOVERNMENT RESTRICTS SHOE COLORS

Now is the time to rebuild your favorite colored shoes for future use. NELSONIZING makes them factory-fresh again. Short shoes made longer—narrow shoes made wider—suede shoes changed to leather—dyed all colors—resoled like new. NELSONIZING means shoes rebuilt by factory craftsmen—not cobbled. Handbags repaired, cleaned and dyed.

WE MAIL ORDER EVERYWHERE

Write for Illustrated Booklet "N-1"

B. NELSON, INC., 10 East 39th St., New York
Est. Over 63 Years • MUrray Hill 3-6448

THE ALTMAN SAVE-IT SERVICE

can repair practically everything you prize in your wardrobe or home. We will mend your hosiery, recondition your coats, resole your shoes, reline your bags, restore your jewelry, reupholster your furniture, rebind your blankets, renovate your rugs. Come in and consult us at our main floor Save-it Service Desk.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 34th St., N. Y. C. MU Hill 9-7000

ANNOUNCEMENT

TO THE MANY FRIENDS WHO FOR SO MANY years have been our patrons at Madison Avenue and 48th St., we wish to announce that on October First this shop will be consolidated with the new and beautiful Nat Lewis shop at No. 1637 Broadway at 50th St. The same gracious, little sales persons who have waited on you in Madison Ave. will be on hand to serve you in our new location, where the same lovely and exclusive type of Purses and Accessories will be securable. NAT LEWIS, NEW SHOP, B'WAY AT 50TH

OPTICIAN

IMPORTANT TO PEOPLE WHO WEAR GLASSES

Invisible, Unbreakable PLASTIC CONTACT LENSES. Perfected Plastic Contact Lenses have no frame, nosebridge or ear piece to be seen or to annoy. Improve vision and appearance. Recommended by leading medical authorities. Booklet on request.

GALL & LEMBKE
7 East 48th Street New York City

CHRISTMAS CARDS

EXHIBITION

See the THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of beautiful American Christmas cards featuring the Lunning Collection.

Write for folder.

GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 Fifth Avenue New York

CORSETIERES

MISS ELEANOR, INC.
Modern art in corsetry.
Custom-made brassieres and custom-made corsets for suit and dress wear.
Prices moderate
4 East 53rd St. PLaza 3-4962

FRANCEVA, INC.
Corsets custom cut for comfort; excellent supporting brassières and corselettes. Ready-made corsets, custom fitted $15.75 up. Florida—905 West 41st Street, Miami Beach.
16 East 52 Street, N. Y. PL 3-9773

SHOES

TALL GALS CALL IT DOUBLE HEAVEN— they're flocking to I. Miller's large-size departments . . not one, but two: at 49 West 34 Street, specializing in sizes 8 to 10, AAAA to D, and 450 Fifth Avenue (40th St.), where you'll find sizes 8 to 11, AAAAA to C. Write for new fall booklet N.

HAIRDRESSERS

HOW IS YOUR HAIR LINE?

If it is unmanageable, try the Ogilvie Sisters method to make your hair behave. See how quickly our preparations and brushing technique renew the elasticity of your hair so you can dress it beautifully. We help solve stubborn problems of oily, dry, dull, greying, fading or falling conditions. Arrange for a hair analysis at the Ogilvie Sisters Salon. Leading drug and department stores and beauty salons have Ogilvie Sisters preparations.

OGILVIE SISTERS
604 Fifth Ave., For Men & Women—BR 9-5290
50 E. 42 St., Ogilvie Method for Men—MU 2-2211
For Men & Women in Washington, D. C.
1212 Connecticut Avenue—National 6960

A JUST-FOR-YOU PERMANENT

by

CHARLES OF THE RITZ

In New York, White Plains, East Orange
Boston, Philadelphia
Detroit, Milwaukee, Los Angeles

Consult your local telephone directory for addresses.

GURO FOR SUPRECOOL COLD PERMANENT WAVE

Specialist in white, gray, and problem hair—famous for tapered haircut—herb rinse which brings out natural lights and beauty—bestone tinting. Free consultation.

441 Madison at 50th WIckersham 2-1692

J. SCHAEFFER—FOR PERMANENTS THAT consider your Hair, and Styles created for you.
Consult J. SCHAEFFER, INC.
590 5th Ave. Bryant 9-6165

DECORATORS

OLIVIERI—ANTIQUES—DECORATIONS
Specialist In Decorating On
Limited Budge In Or Out Of Town
OLIVIERI
54 East 53rd Street, N. Y. C. ELdorado 5-0413

RECORDS

LATIN-AMERICAN MUSIC
RECORDS AND SHEET MUSIC
CASTELLANOS-MOLINA MUSIC SHOPS
144 West 72nd Street
809 Lexington Ave. (62nd St.)
Messenger Delivery—Mail Orders—EN 2-6778

COUNTRY CLOTHES

ARUNDELL CLARKE SUGGESTS YOU VISIT HIS shop and see his fall suits and coats, beautifully tailored, from $45.00 and in imported British tweeds from $55.00. Also custom made in British tweeds from $75.00. Imported cashmere and shetland sweaters and cardigans, blouses, bags, tweeds by the yard, and accessories. Warm clothes and throws for the coming winter of rationed heat.

ARUNDELL CLARKE
Rockefeller Center
15 West 50th Street CIrcle 6-8660

SHOPS & SERVICES
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
RATES

	½ inch	1 inch	1½ inches
3 times	$ 49.	$ 98.	$147.
6 times	92.	184.	276.
10 times	143.	286.	429.
13 times	173.	346.	519.

minimum space.....½ inch
maximum space.....1½ inches

•

Closing date—12 days preceding date of issue

•

For further information call
SHOPS AND SERVICES DEPARTMENT
THE NEW YORKER
25 W. 43rd St. BRyant 9-6300

probably true. A good crew can do a hundred times more damage than a fairly good crew. The captain makes all the difference, and, thank God, a sub man doesn't have to wait twenty years to be made a captain. Look at Lieutenant Germershausen. He's this sub's captain, and he's only thirty-one. If the war lasts long enough, they may hand out commands even earlier than that. I'm twenty-six. Maybe by the time I'm twenty-eight I'll be crawling along the belly of the Pacific in my own ship, in my own sweet little sewer pipe."

I glanced about the wardroom. Because of the shape of the hull, it was impossible to sit upright on the bunk, and my shoulders ached. The air was hot and still and the engines throbbed steadily, like a pulse, in my ears. The sub, Lieutenant Glaes told me, had come about and was heading back toward the base, no longer submerged. I thought of the smooth, blue surface of the Sound, glittering with sunlight, and the cool fall wind blowing in from the sea. I took a last look at the maze of pipes and valves and the cramped berths. For the first time I noticed a metal sign fixed to one of the bulkheads: "Dot—one tap on hull. Dash—two taps on hull." I stood up and said, "Well, I won't take any more of your time. We might as well go up on deck." Lieutenant Glaes shook his head. "Let's stay here till we dock," he said, cheerfully. "It's nice and cozy, don't you think? Sit down, and I'll order you another cup of coffee."

—BRENDAN GILL

•

She cannot sing, and does not play a musical instrument. She is one of the quietest, most retiring actresses in the business. The car she drives is fire-engine red.—*Chicago Sunday Herald American.*

To help her retire in a hurry, maybe.

•

For going away the bride wore an ensemble of chartreuse chiffon crepe. Mr. and Mrs. Ford left for a trip to Mexico City and the interior.

They were dressed alike in gray chiffon over sunburst satin.—*Dallas (Tex.) Morning News.*

What an *adorable* couple!

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Harvard Crimson*]

He [Professor Edward K. Rand] also said, "If every soldier spent half an hour a day reading Horace in the original, he would be much more rested than if he spent many times the amount of minutes swapping stories with the other men."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEST

WHEN George Kersey hung his topcoat in the hall closet that evening, he noticed that there were four pairs of rubber galoshes on the floor in front of him. There were his last year's pair and Dorothy's last year's pair, still in good condition, and two brand-new pairs, presumably his size and Dorothy's. That was planning pretty far ahead, he thought. As he laid his hat on the closet shelf he wondered how many Connecticut winters his wife had had in mind when she bought those extras.

He closed the door of the closet and walked across the narrow hall into the living room. It was a small room; it had always appeared to him to be too small for what it contained, and the recent purchase of two large upholstered chairs (because, as Dot had said, "kapok will be one of the things they won't let us have") not only fixed this impression of overfurnishing but made passage difficult.

The dining room was vacant, the table unset. They'd been eating in the breakfast nook lately to save electricity. "Dot?" he called.

"Yes?" he heard Dot answer. "That you, George?"

He pushed open the swinging door to the kitchen. Dot's head was bent over a large pan of something she was cooking, she looked around at him and smiled. "Hello," she said. Her cheeks were flushed from the heat of the stove. Her hair was drawn into an economical roll at the base of her neck, a way she had of wearing it when she was not going out. It emphasized unfairly the narrowness of her face, the receding slope of her chin.

"Spiced plums," she explained, anticipating a question George had had no intention of asking. "I should get at least a dozen jars out of this."

"A dozen jars," George echoed, amused. Dot's cooking was unimaginative and she had not seen fit, in the past, to embellish it with what she called "a lot of fancy stuff."

"If you use it for canning purposes," Dot explained, "they'll let you have an extra ration of sugar."

"Oh," George said. He went to the butler's pantry to get the ingredients for a drink. Their liquor stock had never been so high, he noticed. He didn't remember having seen those three bottles of imported vermouth before. Must be precious little of that now, but trust Dot, as she often told him herself, to ferret out a smart buy.

George mixed a small pitcher of Martinis and carried it back to the kitchen. He left the pitcher on the sink and got out a tray of ice cubes from the refrigerator. Then he turned on the hot-water tap and, holding the tray beneath it, watched absorbedly while the cubes freed themselves. He shook seven or eight of them from the tray and dropped them into the pitcher. "Any olives?" he asked. Dot pointed to the cupboard above the sink. "Gee, Dot," he said, and laughed. The cupboard was crowded from wall to wall with canned goods. "You've got enough stuff here to stock an army!"

"Yes," she said proudly. "And I had a time getting it. Most stores won't let you buy more than one can of some things. I had to go all over town."

George found the olives. "Let's give the McDermotts a ring," he suggested. "Ask them over for a drink." He was surprised by the look in Dot's eyes. The McDermotts were neighbors of theirs, and although he hadn't seen them for some time, he supposed that Dot liked them as much as ever. "*Her*," Dot said. "I'm not having her over here to see what she can see. I'm on to her."

"Yeah?"

"She gave me a sob story about her husband. It seems that, being a salesman, he needs his car to get to out-of-the-way places. One tire's completely gone. Oh, Miss Innocent Eyes didn't fool me. She was trying to wangle a tire out of us. Can you beat it?"

George couldn't. It seemed a fix for a guy to be in, though. He himself had bought two extra tires when he'd seen this thing coming, and Dot, somehow or other, had managed to get hold of two more since then. They kept them in the cellar, propped up against the wall at a distance from the two years' supply of coal Dot had ordered.

"I had a double lock put on the basement door," Dot said.

George stirred the cocktail mixture until a coating of moisture appeared on the pitcher. "Who did you get to do it?" he asked. He wondered what a stranger would think about those shelves Dot had had put up in the cellar. She kept a lot of things down there—nylon stockings sealed in Mason jars, extra supplies of soap and bath salts, and things like that. It was nobody's business but Dot's, but he just wondered.

"Man on Broad Street," she answered. She set two glasses in front of George and watched him as he poured. "I don't exactly say the McDermotts would steal," she continued, "but I can't forget that remark he made last time they were over here, about sympathizing with people who have to do without."

"He meant hunger," George explained. "He meant Europe—"

"That's what *you* think!" Dot took a taste of her Martini.

Many times in the past, George thought, she'd been right about people and he had been wrong. In any case, he didn't like to argue.

"Here," he said, "I forgot the olive." She took it out of his hand and dropped it into her glass.

WHILE they were standing there the doorbell rang. Dot put her cocktail down on the kitchen table and listened. "I'll get it," George said. He turned to go into the dining room.

"Don't!" Dot cried. She rushed to the switch and turned off the kitchen light. "Don't answer it," she said.

The doorbell rang again. George laughed. "Why not?" he asked.

Without speaking, she pushed open the swinging door and tiptoed into the dining room. George followed. "Dot—" he said. The bell rang a third time. She stood motionless in front of him.

"Sh-h-h," she whispered.

They heard the sound of footsteps on the front porch, footsteps retreating, hesitating, advancing again. The bell rang once more, briefly. There was a moment's silence. "Ha," Dot murmured, and George found himself sharing her mood of mysterious breathlessness. The footsteps again retreated, and this time they went on down the porch steps.

Dot ran through the dining room and across the living room to the front windows. Even in the darkness she managed to avoid knocking into anything, a feat he found it hard to imitate. "There she goes!" he heard Dot cry. Reaching the window at last, he saw a woman walking away from the house, a woman he did not recognize. Her movements were brisk and easy. She seemed too matter-of-fact and unspectacular to warrant their dramatic avoidance of her. "It's that Mrs. Dalton," Dot said finally. "She's the new chairman of some sort of a Red Cross drive for used clothing—blankets and stuff. She tried

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young-Timers Fur Fashion

Young-Timers Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

Blended beige striped Muskrat—new "wear and wear" town and country fur.
Full length . . . generous turn-back collar and cuffs.
Young-Timers Fur Wonder—$265
Plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

to corner me at the market today, but I told her I couldn't give anything without asking you. She said she'd come by here. I had a feeling she wouldn't lose any time."

"What about that old overcoat of mine?" George asked. He thought of an upstairs closet which was filled with things they'd never in the world need. "I haven't worn it in years. And that kind of green suit of yours you've got hanging upstairs. And—"

"Wool!" she said sharply. "Are you crazy, George Kersey?"

George stared at her. The glow from the street lamp shone on her features. She'd been watching the woman's departure with satisfaction, but her upper lip dropped now over her protruding front teeth, cancelling her smile. Her eyes looked small and piercing. "Wool!" she repeated. Her lip drew up when she spoke and two white teeth shone sharp and polished.

George had the oddest impression of her. He tried to shake it off, but it persisted. He noticed also what seemed to be a sudden heaviness of atmosphere. The room needed airing, he thought. The whole house.

He started clumsily back through the darkness to find the light switch. "Here, I'll get it," Dot said. She darted ahead of him toward the wall. He listened to the faint scratching noise of her fingers along the woodwork. Like small, sharp claws, he thought, and he could hardly wait to have her turn on the light.

—Decla Dunning

•

Her son Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, now in the naval service, married Miss Manuela Hudson at Cedar Knoll on June 8, 1038, and, up to the time of the fire, the scars made in the library fireplace when guests hurled their champagne glasses into it on that occasion were still visible.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

What fire was that—the Great Fire of London?

•

FIRST THINGS FIRST DEPARTMENT

[*From the table of contents of a recent issue of the Journal of the American Statistical Association*]

Government and the Statistician, by Winfield W. Riefler
Price Fixing of Agricultural Products, by Warren C. Waite
Impact of Defense Upon Industrial Capacity and Investment, by M. Joseph Meehan
The Problems of Determining Fair Rents, by Karl Borders
The Effect of the Full Moon on Trout Fishing, by C. McC. Mottley and Daniel R. Embody

DESPARD & CO.
BROKERS & ADJUSTERS
for over 60 years
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE
ONE CEDAR STREET · NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: HANOVER 2-6363
CABLES: DESPARD, NEW YORK

WISCONSIN CHEESE

9 of Wisconsin's finest varieties of aged natural cheese, selected and packed by SAK'S in a handsome gift box. There's full cream sharp Cheddar, delicate Roanne, mild Mel-O-Pure, incomparable Edam, toothsome Camembert, racy Bleu, summer-cured Swiss, Pride of Wisconsin and Kaukauna Klub cheese food. Delight your epicurean friends with this grand assortment. Ship. Wt. 4 lbs. (approx.), delivered to any U.S. address East of Rockies, postpaid, $2.95 ($3.25 West of Rockies)

SAK'S CHEESE HOUSE
MIDDLETON, WISCONSIN
Reference: Bank of Middleton, Wisconsin

Show Case of WISCONSIN CHEESE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF ALL THINGS

AS this is written, there is reason to believe that the Nazis have given up the idea of spending the winter in Stalingrad. It seems to have dawned upon them at last that they are not wanted there.

•

Perhaps it is not polite to point, but the Japs have not been taking in any new territory lately. Every time they try to go farther, they fare worse.

•

Premier Stalin has finally uttered the thoughts that do in him rise. It is too damn quiet on the Western Front, says jolting Joe.

•

Wendell Willkie explained in China that he works for Roosevelt but speaks for himself. He is really two people, and fortunately the Japs were unable to hit either of him.

•

Mayor LaGuardia, among others, is talking of reviving the old World War custom of a meatless day each week. Another good way to save food would be to observe the quarterly income-tax days with fasting and prayer.

•

A lot of small retail stores are in a serious plight because of a shortage of goods. It is heartbreaking for merchants to see customers come in with money and go out with same.

•

Pierre Laval is terribly, terribly hurt. He offers his beloved people a free trip to slavery and nobody wants to go.

•

For the first time in months the motorist has heard some good news. He is to get enough rubber to carry on, if he lives according to the dictates of Leon Henderson's conscience.

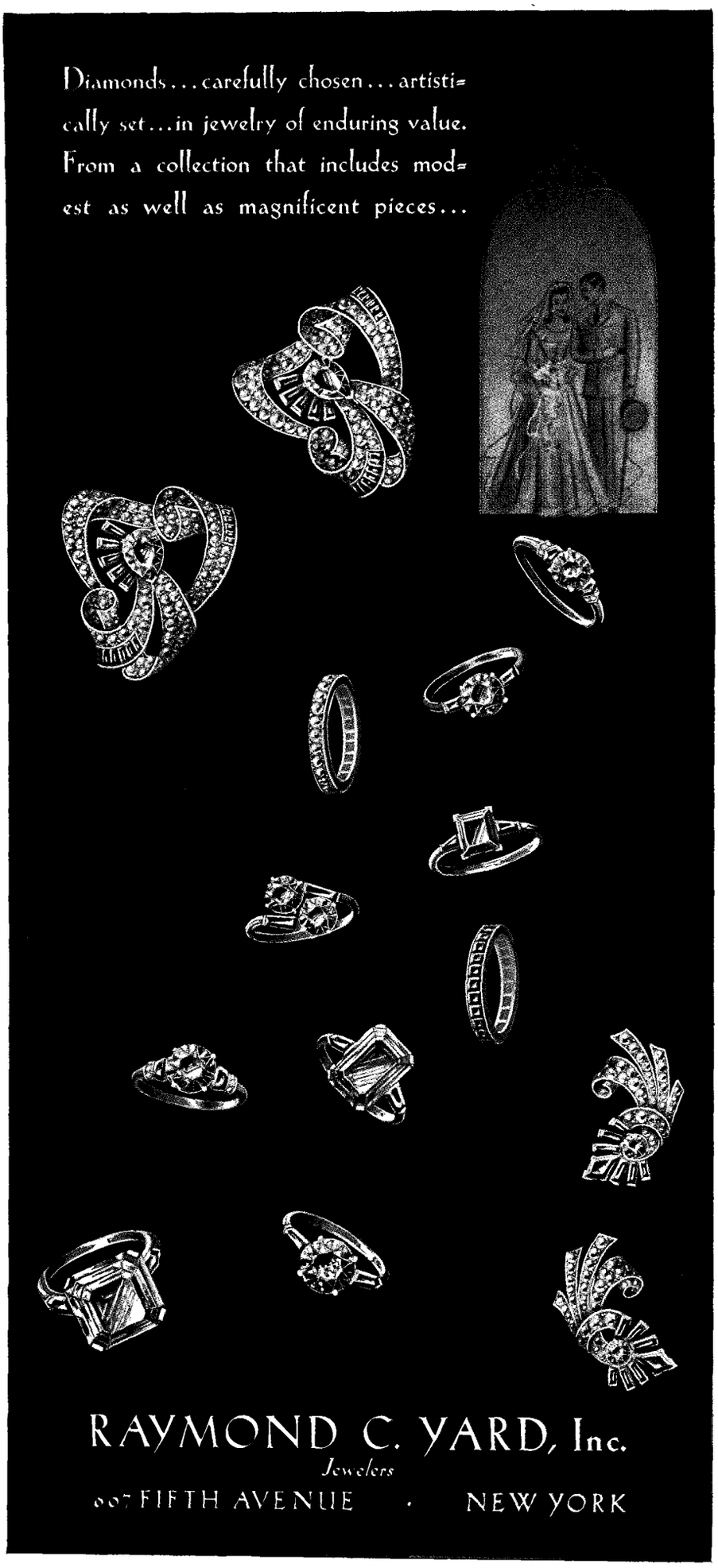
•

A pro-German newspaper in Stockholm claims that Rudolf Hess was sent to England by Hitler to cook up an anti-Soviet pact. The scheme failed because of the misguided British sense of honor and humor.

•

The rise in the birth rate since 1933 has upset all the gloomy prophecies. Wise old Mother Nature is probably trying to do something about the national debt.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER


Diamonds . . . carefully chosen . . . artistically set . . . in jewelry of enduring value. From a collection that includes modest as well as magnificent pieces . . .
RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
Jewelers
607 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's the Name that Counts

IN all America, but very few wines approach the standing which Widmer's enjoys with those who serve only the finest.

One reason is that in all America there are but very few wine producers whose grapes enjoy the rare combination of soil and climate which blesses the Naples Valley-Lake Canandaigua District vineyards . . . and still fewer whose skill matches that of the Widmers.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

Autumn
NECKWEAR

By Sulka—from the Finest Silks—and carefully made in our own workrooms

All the rich colorings so appropriate for the season —Moires—Crepes—Foulards—Twills— $3.75 to $7.00

Assortments for selection will be sent on request.

A. Sulka & Company
561 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO—6 SO. MICHIGAN AVE.

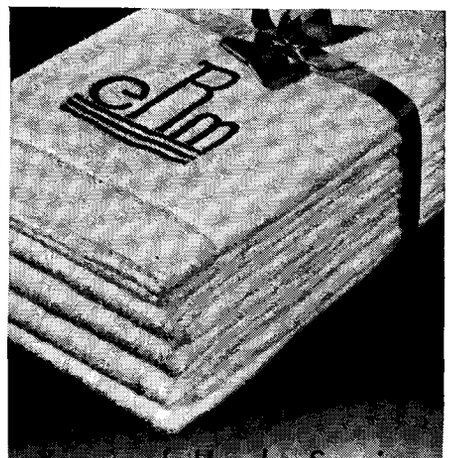
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Doldrums

FOR various reasons, of no interest whatever, I shall be able to consider only two films this week—both junk. The first of these is a very singular performance called "Iceland," designed, apparently, to allow Miss Sonja Henie to give exhibitions of figure-skating, at which, of course, she is incomparable. The movies being what they are, however, it is clearly impossible to present Miss Henie simply and explicitly as a skater. She is too celebrated and expensive to appear in the confines of a short subject, which is about as long as the excitable patrons of the cinema can be expected to endure the spectacle of a young woman merely skating. It is necessary to provide her with a romantic plot and this, by God, has been done.

"Iceland," as you may not have guessed, takes place on that occupied island in the Atlantic, which I had thought of as a rather primitive place inhabited by persons of Danish extraction not especially sympathetic toward Americans. This was a serious error. Miss Henie's Iceland resembles, as much as anything, the city of Stamford, Connecticut, before gasoline was rationed. The streets are lively with fashionable crowds and traffic; there are handsome hotels and night clubs, equipped with well-known singers and name bands; there is a skating rink, in many ways more elaborate than Madison Square Garden, upon which Miss Henie and a magnificently disciplined troupe perform nightly under the floodlights, there being clearly no question of a blackout; and the local enthusiasm for everything American is almost unbounded.

Curious as this new Iceland may seem to the average spectator, it is by no means as curious as the plot contrived by Twentieth Century-Fox to utilize Miss Henie's talents. At the outset the heroine is engaged to a Scandinavian comic, rather morosely acted by Sterling Holloway. However, with the arrival of John Payne, a corporal in the United States Marines widely celebrated for his amorous exploits, her feelings change and she proceeds to track this unfortunate man down as relentlessly as a housewife after bugs. This theme, regarded as infallibly comic



Years of Hardy Service in this Mosse Bath Towel

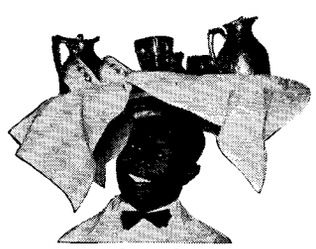
If it's performance you want try this "Kingston" (Martex) made specially for Mosse ~ and in the preferred all-white. Wonderfully absorbent, just-right rubbing texture. With special monogram, $3.00; without monogram, standard Martex price, $2.25

Available now. Be foresighted—check your linen needs.

MOSSE
659 Fifth Ave. • New York

AUTUMN DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



Famous for Southern Service

OVERNIGHT FROM EASTERN POINTS

VIRGINIA'S INLAND SPA AND SPORTING CENTER

Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia . . . or our New York office in the Waldorf, Plaza 8-2289 . . . Pullmans direct to The Homestead leave Penn Station nightly at 6:55 p. m., arriving 8 a. m.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the pictures, is further embellished by Jack Oakie, who does a rather painful impersonation of a man learning to skate; by any number of comic Icelanders, all speaking broken English; and by various bedroom complications that seemed to me as vulgar and tiresome as anything currently visible in a Broadway musical show, which is saying a lot.

When Miss Henie skates, of course, everything is fine, but there is not much of that, since even the authors of "Iceland" seem to have been defeated by the problem of introducing more than two mammoth ice carnivals in the city of Reykjavik within the space of a week. I was also interested to note, by the way, that while Miss Henie puts on a show easily comparable to anything she has done in New York, there were, as far as I could see, sometimes as many as thirty people in the auditorium, but more often none. The band referred to above was conducted by Sammy Kaye; the other names in the cast were unfamiliar to me. Perhaps it is just as well.

THE other picture I saw was called "Here We Go Again," and I am totally unable to estimate its humor. There are, I know, a great many obviously rational people who are moved to helpless laughter by Charlie McCarthy and Fibber and Molly McGee. For them, the picture should be a field day. For me, it was just a step this side of murder. —G. W.

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(NO UNDERWEAR DIVISION)
[*From "In Two Latitudes," by Georges Simenon*]

One had the impression that she had nothing on under her black silk evening frock. —*Page 6.*

Embarrassed though he was, Timar caught himself wondering if she had anything on under the black silk dress. —*Page 140.*

She wore the same black silk dress at all hours, and Timar now knew she had nothing on beneath it. —*Page 141.*

Wearing the usual black dress, naked beneath the silk, she had come to his table. —*Page 142.*

Then Timar's eyes fell on the outlines of her breasts, bare under the black silk, and he looked away. —*Page 149.*

As usual, one could see her breasts outlined beneath the clinging silk, and though he realized how absurd it was, Timar felt slightly shocked—as though mourning called for undergarments. —*Page 156.*

He had merely to think of her white body, naked beneath the flimsy dress, to feel a rush of hatred. —*Page 199.*

But she, of course, had no child, and nothing under her dress. —*Page 274.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

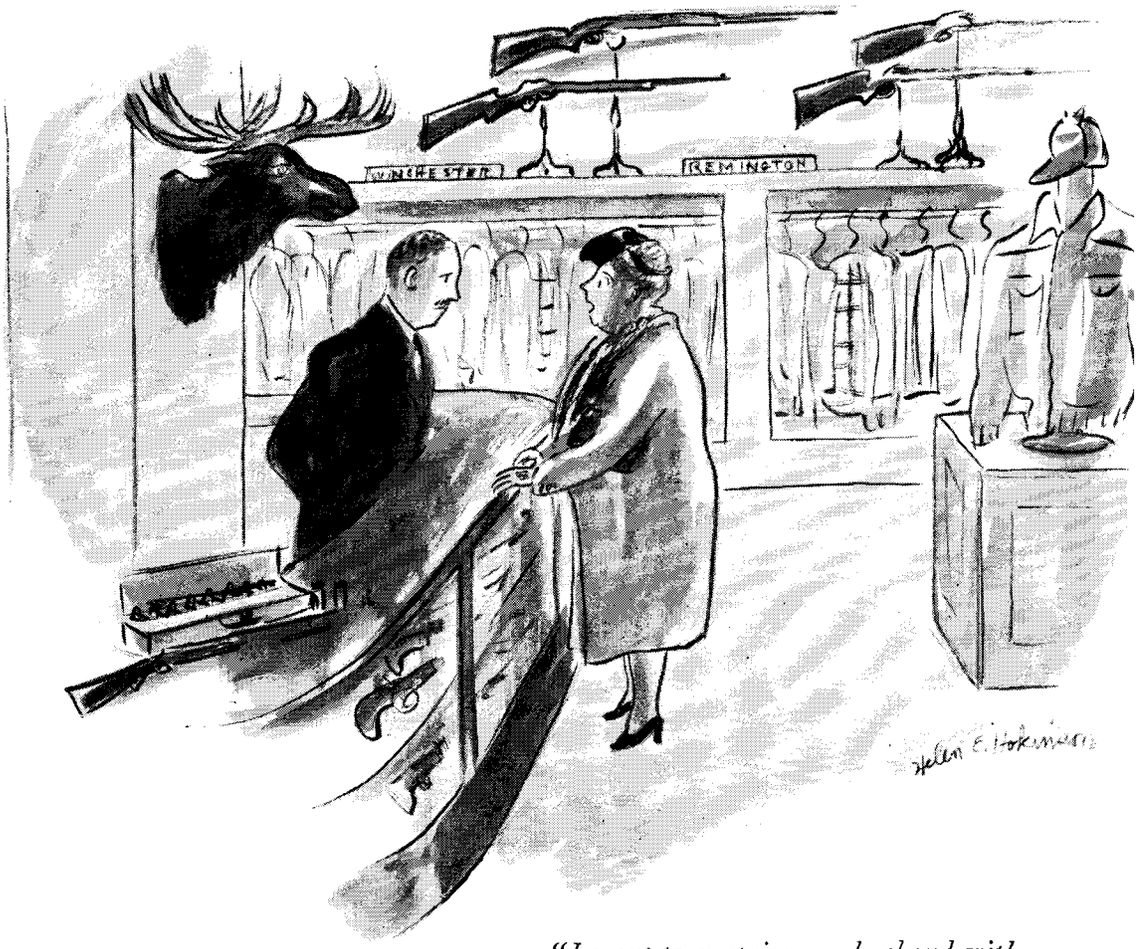
FEMININE FASHIONS

IT must be admitted that, so far as inexpensive clothes are concerned, very young women, or those who are just naturally slight in build, fare much better this season than those whose figures are on the mature side. To be sure, government regulations are reasonable in allowing jackets that are moderate in length and skirts that are moderate in width, and there is as yet no rule saying skimpiness must be the fashion. Nevertheless, a large number of manufacturers have shortened waistlines in a way that is most unbecoming to women with curves, who, to look their best, still require those long and slender lines.

For these, Bergdorf Goodman's ready-to-wear department is to be recommended to the skies, and you'll find here some of the best-looking and best-bred clothes in town, at prices that start at around thirty dollars and ascend to over a hundred. In the lowest brackets, for instance, there are such things as a dress of pale-yellow rabbit's-wool jersey, cut in trench-coat style, with a neat belt and small imitation alligator buttons (this also comes in gabardine and is a sensation with the public in either version), and a beautiful red wool suit with three big, black Persian-lamb buttons. A purple wool suit, slightly higher in price, consists of a three-button jacket and a slender dress with pleated-yoke detail. Black buttons with convincingly diamond-like glass centres adorn a black velveteen between-times suit; a green wool dress is pepped up by tiny ruffles of the same fabric that circle the wrists and are also used to form a V collar. This has about as custom-made a look as you can get here for $45, though there's a black wool-jersey dress with crocheted lace at its cuffs and high neckline that's a mighty close competitor. There are good after-dark draped black dresses, too, in satin or black silk jersey, among them one with a V neck, bows in the hollows of the shoulders, and a twisted belt.

It is also to be noted that Bergdorf boasts one of the best inexpensive fur departments in town, with prices ranging from $185 to $500. The tendency here in coats this season is for the pockets to be generous, the collars meagre and youthful, and the backs and sleeves loose. In this collection there is one of the best civet-cat coats I have ever seen; it has a yoke across the front, and long, dangling scarf ends that may be tied in a big bow. The same fur is also used, dyed, to make a baum-marten imitation that is well up in the you'd-never-guess-it class. You'll find wolf dyed to resemble blue fox and cut in a way suitable for day or evening occasions (you push up the sleeves when you feel formal—an odd trick of the times); there's also a beautiful coat of gray Bombay lamb that has slender lines despite a slight ripple in back, and a rolled collar and expansive turned-back cuffs, which make it look as if it cost far more than the $275 it does. When it comes to greatcoats, tipped Australian opossum or sable-dyed skunk make a point of real warmth, and warmth, if I am any prophet, is going to be just as smart for winter in town this year as for winter in the country. And, for trimming up an unadorned coat or suit, look at a baum-marten-dyed skunk stole with a huge flat muff to match; it's $235, and should give new life to almost anything.

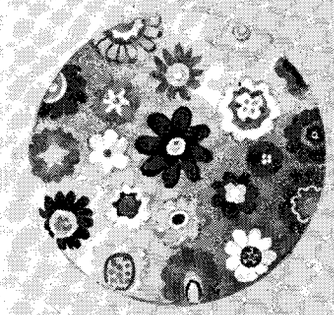
ZOE DE SALLE, at 18 East 53rd Street, is as adept as ever at making entrancing little dresses, often with coats on similar lines, that have a distinctive stamp. These are likely to feature dolman sleeves, stark, plain necklines relieved from severity by deep yoke treatment below the shoulders, and full skirts swinging below snug detail through the waistlines. Many of the dresses have a row of self-covered buttons down the

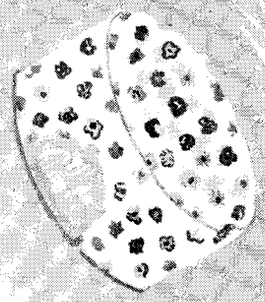


"I want to surprise my husband with one of those little red caps that lure deer."

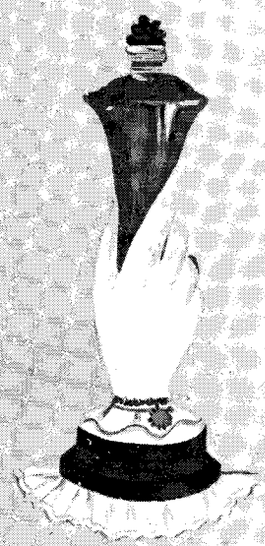
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

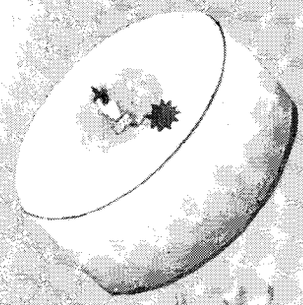
Blue Grass





MILLE FLEURS





"It's You"

Dusting Powder

A LOVELY NECESSITY

After every bath . . . you'll love the silken smoothness, subtle lingering perfume of Elizabeth Arden Dusting Powder . . . in three fascinating fragrances—

favored BLUE GRASS, romantic IT'S YOU . . . 1.50

the new and most enchanting

MILLE FLEURS . . . 2.00

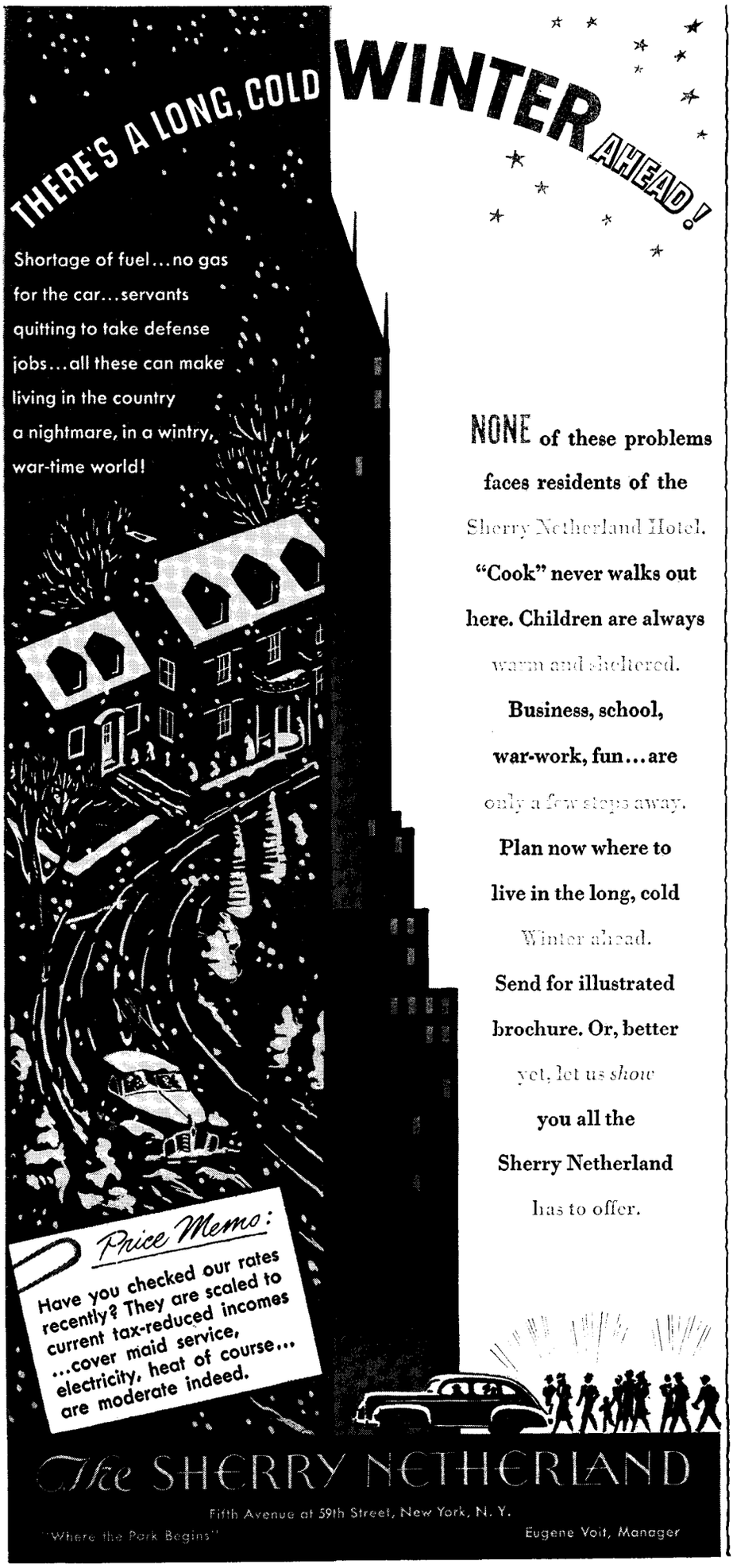
prices plus Federal and local taxes

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Copyright 1942, Elizabeth Arden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THERE'S A LONG, COLD WINTER AHEAD!
Shortage of fuel...no gas for the car...servants quitting to take defense jobs...all these can make living in the country a nightmare, in a wintry, war-time world!
NONE of these problems faces residents of the Sherry Netherland Hotel. "Cook" never walks out here. Children are always warm and sheltered. Business, school, war-work, fun...are only a few steps away. Plan now where to live in the long, cold Winter ahead. Send for illustrated brochure. Or, better yet, let us show you all the Sherry Netherland has to offer.
Price Memo:
Have you checked our rates recently? They are scaled to current tax-reduced incomes ...cover maid service, electricity, heat of course... are moderate indeed.
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N. Y.
"Where the Park Begins"
Eugene Voit, Manager

back, such as a wool one in a plum color so dark it is almost black. De Salle loves just-off-black shades. One coat, for instance, is of the darkest possible Oxford-gray wool, with a deep, hand-stitched yoke and a huge button at the waistline; it's to be worn over a dress in lighter gray wool-jersey that sports a knotted belt. A black coat, of the coachman type, has a detachable shoulder cape, which you could wear over a simple black wool dress; the dress shown with it, however, is in dark-red wool and has one of those monks' belts. The clothes here are custom-made, of course, and have the timeless and individual air that people should demand in good clothes; indeed, so lasting is the de Salle style that customers who cling to it think nothing of having four-year-old models copied for them, confident of always looking up to date.

WOMEN who are admittedly not clever at arranging their coiffures have at last found, in Lura de Gez, a champion who, though in the hairdressing business for a living, feels that her best advertisement is women whose hair looks well *all* the time, not merely for the twenty-four hours, or less, after it has been set by professionals. De Gez wants every customer, given the fundamentals of a good permanent wave and expert shaping and cutting (and no one is better at either department than she), to be able to fix her coiffure for that unexpected and glamorous date that turns up when beauty parlors are closed. Hence her Self-Service Training Course, which she runs on the floor below her salon at 714 Fifth Avenue (56th). You get five one-hour lessons for $10, sitting at pink-and-blue dressing tables with huge mirrors and practicing as an instructor teaches you the knacks of shampooing, of combing and brushing, and of making professional-looking curls. You even get a diploma, tied up in baby-blue ribbon, when you have passed the course. There are daily classes, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, and two on Tuesday evenings for working women. Miss de Gez is one of the most expert hairdressers in town, and this gesture of hers indicates that she also has the rare quality of being friendly to her own sex.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

One Thing and Another

NATIVE enterprise thrives this fall in the midst of, and indeed often because of, wartime shortages and restrictions, indicating that our quaint old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friend rugged individualism is still around. Carole Janeway, for instance, in her studio at 135 East 66th Street, has found the lack of plastics and metals the very incentive she needed to set her to decorating tiles for household uses. Miss Janeway works with six-inch glazed tiles. Some have complete designs on them and can be used separately, either as framed ornaments or as trivets and coasters for hot dishes and flower vases; others have only parts of a design and are put together like picture puzzles to make coffee- and end-table tops and trays which are invulnerable to any kind of stain and to heat as high as two thousand degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature never even approached by the hottest teapot. The skill of a good, workmanlike carpenter provides the framework for all of these things. The trays may be obtained, already made up, from Altman, and Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd), carries both the trays and tables. You may also order these wares from Miss Janeway's studio, in which case, of course, you have an almost unlimited choice in the size, shape, and style of your table or whatever, as well as in the designs painted on the tiles. Hobbies, pets, and children's toys are favorite subjects among Janeway clients. Left to her own devices, though, the designer runs to bird-and-animal fantasies, and the more improbable the beast, the better.

If you want the tiles only, you can buy or order them from the studio or from Jensen. People work out their own notions with these unframed squares, setting them around fireplace openings or in panels above bathtubs, although, if your ideas are elaborate, this can run into money, as the tiles cost about $3 apiece when the designs painted on them are part of larger ones and $5 when they are complete in themselves.

MEANWHILE, and don't ask me how they do it, the anonymous individuals who keep the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), supplied with pretties to sell are continuing to send in generous quantities of painted tinware, stuff for which this place is famous. On the shelves right now are any number of *cachepots*, wastebaskets, tea caddies, cigarette boxes, and wonderful piecrust serving trays, painted just like the increasingly rare old ones for which people willingly used to pay small fortunes. The Exchange hasn't yet had to stop taking special orders. One of its workers who started out by repainting old tin tea caddies in gold-on-black or gold-on-red Chinese designs is now making copies of the originals with her own hands and painting them precisely like the old ones. The smallest size ($5.50) is just right for cigarettes, and would also be fine for your newly precious tea or spices; larger ones ($11.90) should be exactly the thing to hold crackers or cookies, especially for homebodies now living in hotel rooms, where domestic arrangements aren't so homey; and there's one ($36.30) that is actually big enough to hold kindling wood on the hearth. Those celebrated piecrust trays are present in a number of sizes, from little cocktail trays at $6.35 up to big ones, at $27.50, for tea or a fireside snack. A hanging make-up box or catchall in black painted tin with a hinged lid is decorated with old-fashioned rose bouquets in much the same manner as the trays, and has a square mirror perched above it. This would make a wall decoration of considerable charm, and it would also look well standing on a small, skirted dressing table in place of the customary gold-framed looking glass. There are some new, eight-inch oval trays with bird prints surrounded by painted borders—nice for bedside-table use and only $1.65 each. The familiar tin slip-covers for packages of soap flakes and scouring powder, painted in fancy colors and designs, not only still abound but have been joined by new kitchen sets, shown in white, banded and labelled in red or blue. The Exchange will do them in any colors to order.

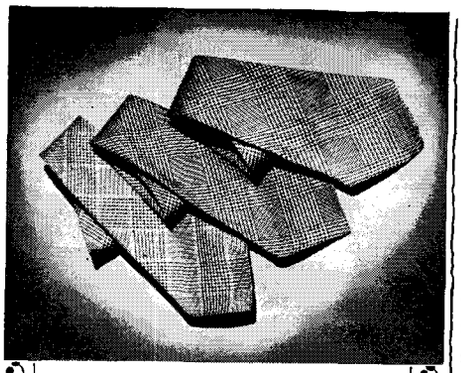
THERE'S more tinware, but of vastly different character, to be had from Alfred Orlik, 421 Madison Avenue (49th), and an odd enough spot this is in which to find it, considering the shop's once almost exclusive interest in rare porcelains, fabulous cut crystal, and metals of no less worth than sterling. Orlik has cornered some of the largest and handsomest sheet-tin-over-

wood trays ever to come out of Mexico, and offers them at $15 in a size which will accommodate a generous tea or coffee service. They're impervious, of course, to practically everything, need no more than a swipe with a damp cloth to make them gleam and glisten anew after hard use, and, in this larger-than-you're-accustomed-to size, make a far more dignified background for good china than anyone would have expected.

THE Victory Garden Harvest Show, held recently at the Grand Central Palace and supposedly designed to make up in part for the cancelling of the yearly Flower Show (always a treat for real gardeners), turned out to be largely a display of prize-winning dahlias, which, while all very well if you like dahlias, wasn't what most people expected and left a lot of disappointment in its wake. I felt at least partially repaid for having gone, however, since, after all these months, I finally got a chance to make the acquaintance of that ghost of last spring's Flower Show—Burpee's new vegetable, celtuce, which was prematurely announced last winter and, so far as I was ever able to find out, appeared at the spring show only on posters. Appearing in the flesh at the Victory Gardens affair, celtuce looked exactly like its pictures: a tall-growing plant with leaves that resemble those of celery sprouting from the top of a single, heavy stalk, somewhat like that of broccoli. You eat only the stalk, either briefly boiled and served like asparagus, with butter or hollandaise, or cut into fingers and served raw and salted, with cocktails. In the raw state—the only way I was able to get it at the show—it has a distinctly lettuce-like and mildly pleasant flavor, and its chief value, I should say, lies in its crisp and tender texture, a sensation more for the teeth than the palate. The seed is available now from Burpee and adventurous owners of greenhouses may enjoy experimenting with it during the indoor growing season.

Other débutantes in the Burpee vegetable display, which was large and beautiful, probably were of greater interest to most gardeners. The new Jubilee tomato, yellow as an orange and about the same size, seems to be a real contribution. There is no claim that it has a better flavor than the old red varieties; what Jubilee has to offer in addition to its novel color, Burpee says, is an ability to hold its juice when cut, which means it won't bleed into the dressing of your mixed salads. A new squash, called Royal Acorn, grows to almost double

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AGAIN WE HAVE

The Glen Plaid Necktie

THE PERFECT GIFT

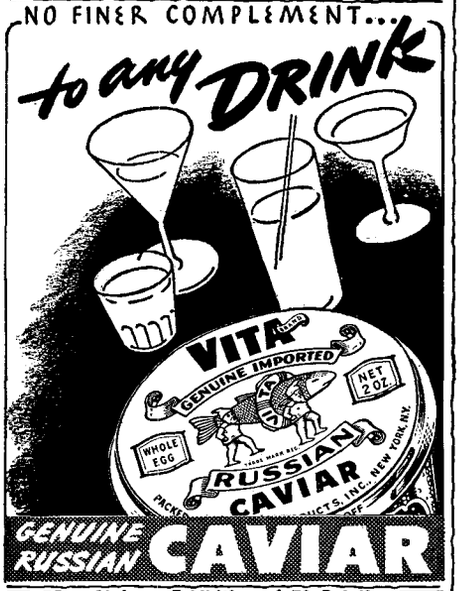
SPECIALLY WOVEN *silks, with the distinctive overplaids that are the favorite patterns of sportsmen, have been received from our weaver*

The colorings are: Tan-white-black, black-white-red, blue-white-black. Correct color combinations for town dress $2.50

TRIPLER *ties are noted for their distinctive style and color combinations*

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 ST. • NEW YORK

NO FINER COMPLEMENT...
to any DRINK



GENUINE RUSSIAN CAVIAR

Benefit Loan Exhibition of 70 Paintings
Great Dutch Masters
REMBRANDT, HALS, VERMEER and others
for
THE QUEEN WILHELMINA FUND and
AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES
Until Nov. 7, DUVEEN BROS., INC., 720 5th Ave.

FREE FOR THE ASKING!
A tantalizing whiff of D'Orsay's stirring new perfume INTOXICATION—"It goes to your heart". For a free card scented with this new, head-whirling perfume, write.
D'ORSAY, 71 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.

the size of the standard acorn varieties (well, the ones Burpee raised for this show did, anyway), and there was a sweet-pepper novelty, California Wonder, so large that one, stuffed and baked, would make a comfortable meal for two people.

The presence of these newcomers, however, couldn't have overcome much of the disillusionment stirred up by this sadly misnamed show, which, frankly, sold its audience down the river.—B. B.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

Stitch in Time

REALIZING that the possibility of replacing equipment essential to many sports has disappeared along with your old door keys, I've been busy collecting some tips for trout fishermen, golfers, and tennis players on how best to bed down their tackle until they're ready for it next year, or, if necessary, after the war. Starting with fishing, I'd suggest that a good thing for one with a rod to own these days is a small repair kit—with lacquer, brush, and other first-aid materials—such as that which Abercrombie & Fitch sell for $8.75. This enables you to touch up nicks in the varnish of your rod before putting it away and to preserve it from moisture and excessively dry air, which are fatal to the glue that holds the bamboo sections together. An approved storage method to prevent warping is to use a spring-type clothespin for a holder and hang each section by the tip or ferrule from a line in a cool, dry place.

You should, of course, remove your fly lines from their reels and thoroughly wipe off the old dressing, which has probably become gummy and full of dirt; then wrap the lines around something cylindrical, like an old oatmeal carton or coffee tin, and set them in a cool place, for heat is bad for them, whether they're silk or nylon. Reels had better be overhauled at one of the tackle shops around the city, many of which have repairmen for this purpose—some that come to mind are William Mills & Son, 21 Park Place; the Angler's Roost, 207 East 43rd Street; the Folsom Arms Company, 312 Broadway (at Duane); and Abercrombie & Fitch. Now that the reel companies are making precision parts for shells, they just laugh at you if you send their products back for a checkup. The frame of your landing net, by the way, should be given a thorough coat of shellac. It's bent to shape the way a tennis racquet is, and shellacking will help to keep it that way. You'll save yourself trouble by putting gut leaders in a Mason jar containing glycerine, which halts the aging process gut undergoes in the air. As to your flies, don't forget to treat them against moths before storing them, for there's nothing that your old friend *Tinea pellionella*, the common clothes moth, likes more than to do the knife-and-fork act on their wool and feathers.

PRACTICALLY all golf-club dealers will still take care of repairs. Spalding, for example, will fix a broken shaft or wooden head in a couple of weeks, and will also do such minor jobs as replacing leather grips which have worn smooth or putting a new insert in the face of a battered wood. The factories cannot rechrome irons these days, but, for a makeshift, you can do a pretty good refurbishing job at home with a cake of Bon Ami, a stiff wire brush, and a little energy. To keep irons from rusting, non-winter golfers should smear the heads lightly with vaseline before the clubs are put aside. Leather golf bags should be saddle-soaped at least once a year, and occasional applications of a preservative like neat's-foot oil will also help prolong their life. Don't leave golf balls too near heat when you stow them away, as heat deadens them. And don't forget to coöperate with the companies which are making reprocessed balls by saving your old ones and turning them in when you buy again.

IF your tennis racquet has a good frame and the gut is a bit frayed, you'd be wise to release the strain on the frame by cutting the gut. (You *must* cut it if a string is broken, as otherwise the frame will warp, no matter what other precautions you take.) There is no need to worry about the chances of restringing next spring. Although all new gut is now being earmarked for sutures, there seems to be enough of the old stock in dealers' hands to take care of requirements for another year. If the gut in your racquet is in good condition, you might try the advice of one expert I talked to and brush the entire head, gut and all, with a coat of shellac, which acts as a preservative. Whatever you do, the frame should be put into a waterproof case and kept in a press. Probably the best way to take care of a net is to retar it while it is still in place on the court and then roll it up and put it away in a dry place. If it isn't retarred, it should be given a thorough sunning before being rolled and stored.

It's not too soon, either, to consider the subject of tennis balls for next season. Better save all you have. Some people, I know, believe that it's impossible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to keep tennis balls in playable condition for more than a few months, but I have a hunch that these perfectionists are going to have to yield ground in the months to come. Jules Andre, at 49 East 47th Street, a retailer who has original and usually workable ideas in his chosen fields of tennis and skiing, has a good way of keeping used tennis balls white and fluffy. He washes them in a washing machine, well filled with water, which turns them out spick and span, and then he uses a wire brush to rough up the nap.

NEW GAME: Bundles for America is sponsoring the Navy Game, which turns out to be a fine pastime for those who like to play with dice and counters —and, incidentally, would like to augment Bundles' fund to aid the families of servicemen. From two to six people can play. Each receives chips, to be used as money, and a miniature warship, which he has to get from this country to Great Britain along a lane dotted with dangers ("Fog, Miss One Turn") and rewards ("Torpedoed Enemy Cruiser, Take Four Chips"). These turn up according to a throw of a die, and there's no telling when a promising voyage will strike a snag. The player who crosses the Atlantic first collects a pot of chips. The equipment is simple and the idea sound enough. The Navy Game is currently on sale at Scribner, Brentano, Putnam, the Waldorf-Astoria Bookshop, the Wakefield Bookshop, 64 East 55th Street, and the national headquarters of Bundles for America, 681 Fifth Avenue (54th). The price is $1; if you want the game sent by mail, add ten cents. —E. F. K.

•

Motorists: Be on the lookout for a man 5 feet 10 inches in height, about 30 years old, who is of medium build and weighs about 4165 pounds. He is wearing a white shirt, no coat and corduroy trousers.

In the past two days that man, police say, has slashed the tires of 50 passenger cars. He has been operating in both the northern and southern districts of the city.

Call the Police Department's auto detail if you see a man of the above description loitering around parked automobiles.
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

All right, we'll keep an eye peeled.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in Manufacturers Record*]

FOR SALE—800 acres of blue grass land for $50,000. Fine spot for your retirement, summers are not so hot. For details write A. B. Grubb, M.D., Cripple Creek, Va.

With perfect timing the demand of the day, we are proud to present these precision watches by OMEGA
Omega Watches from $55.
Omega Diamond-Set Watches from $200.
Federal Tax Included
Illustrated Folder On Request
BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE at 48th STREET, NEW YORK
White Plains • East Orange

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

With pleasures fewer, make them keener! Choose MARLBORO Cigarettes. So *very* much more pleasure, for so *little* more in price!

IVORY TIPS — PLAIN ENDS — BEAUTY TIPS (red).

THE RACE TRACK

Fast Mile

COUNT FLEET put his best foot forward at Belmont Park last weekend. You have undoubtedly heard that he won the Champagne Stakes in 1:34⅘, the fastest mile ever run by a two-year-old, and that he cut a fifth of a second from the course mark, falling short by only two-fifths of a second of the world's record for a mile on a circular track, which was set ten years ago by Equipoise, one of my favorite horses. As extraordinary as anything about Count Fleet's performance was the ease with which he tossed it off. He bounded to the front a split second after the start, and the farther he went the more he increased his lead. He did the first three-quarters of the mile in 1:10, and by then Blue Swords, Slide Rule, and the others who tried to chase him were dead-beat, so he finished out the last quarter merely galloping. Had he been pressed, there's no telling how fast he would have made it. After the race, Longden, who rode him, said, "He was just buckjumping all the time. I never let him really run."

Perhaps I shouldn't be so glib about it, but I don't believe that Occupation, good as he is, could have won the Futurity if Count Fleet had run the way he did in the Champagne Stakes. Count Fleet's owners, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hertz, are pretty proud of him. He is, as you know, by Reigh Count, who was the best three-year-old in 1928, when he won the Kentucky Derby and half a dozen other big races for the Hertzes, and who just missed winning the Ascot Gold Cup the following year. When Reigh Count was retired, Hertz began looking forward to racing some colt by him who would do as well. "It's going to be like waiting for grandchildren," he said at the time. He's had to wait thirteen years.

Count Fleet is not a handsome animal, but he has a smooth, powerful way of running. Although he's exceptionally wide between the eyes, which in thoroughbreds usually connotes intelligence, he's a bit of a flibbertigibbet, given to such tricks as shying at shadows and jumping imaginary puddles. On the day before the Champagne Stakes, his trainer, G. D. Cameron, re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marked, "He's probably thinking up some new stunt right now." Apparently, the stunt Count Fleet was thinking up was the one of running.

I shall tuck this race of Count Fleet's into my worn, old memory book beside Alsab's Champagne Stakes last year and the 1939 Withers Mile of Johnstown, who also did the first six furlongs in 1:10 and then went on to finish in 1:35⅘.

IF I were asked to name the best race of the week—and I shall, even though I haven't been asked—I'd say it was the two-mile-and-a-quarter New York Handicap, which Alsab won on Saturday. Everybody has become so accustomed to seeing Whirlaway trailing far behind his field until the last quarter of a mile, only to finish with a great rush, that the spectators could hardly believe their eyes when his jockey, Westrope, sent him into the lead at the start. This strategy, evidently devised by Ben Jones, Whirlaway's trainer, upset whatever riding orders the other trainers had given their riders. It almost worked, too. The only jockey not caught entirely off guard was Atkinson, who rode Lochinvar and forced Whirlaway to run the first mile in 1:37⅗, which is pretty fast when you've got to go a mile and a quarter more and carry 130 pounds. I don't suppose Whirlaway ever ran more gallantly, but Alsab, who was handled better than he was in the Gold Cup, came up to pass them both and win with something to spare.

As for the other events of last week, the Ladies' Handicap was another triumph for Vagrancy. It's my timid guess that William Woodward has never owned a better filly or many better colts. I can't say much for the Grand National Steeplechase, which was won again by Pete Bostwick's old Cottesmore.

THE Jamaica meeting is practically a case of here today and gone tomorrow. The Remsen and Continental Handicaps will be run this weekend and the Gallant Fox next Wednesday, and that's the end. And don't forget to button up your overcoat.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

All Senior Officers are spoken to as well as introduced by their titles:

"Miss Smith, may I introduce Captain Strong?" If he is in uniform this is sufficient, but if he is in a bathing suit it is necessary to add "of the Navy" or "of the Army."—*Emily Post in This Week.*

And hand him a towel.

"Have you noticed how many people have switched to Canadian Club?"

Taste why more Americans choose Canadian Club than any other imported whisky

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Borden Co.

• Nobody did . . . nobody had to! Delicious creamy-centered, golden-crusted Liederkranz, famous everywhere, is made right here in America! Try it home . . . or at your favorite hotel or restaurant!

LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

ONE OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

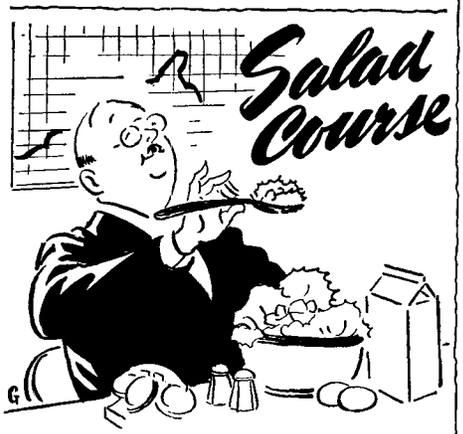
The *one* American-made cheese that's famous the world over.

NOTES ON SPORTS

Future Book

PENNSYLVANIA and Brown, which play in the same league, more or less, seem to be about on a par *in re* football, and the par they are on seems to be pretty close to the top of that league. Brown beat Columbia last Saturday by a close score but without too much difficulty, and Penn beat Yale, 35–6, with a degree of difficulty that should happen to our side in the current war. Brown's main strength appeared to lie in a running attack through the line. Penn's, against a weaker opponent, lay in just about any kind of play it undertook. Its spinners and reverses worked especially well, not on account of their extreme deceptiveness, perhaps, but because they gave the Penn blockers more time to practice their art, at which they are a proficient crew. There were a couple of occasions on which the backs romped around among themselves behind the line of scrimmage until the field was littered with prostrate Yale forms, permitting the eventual ball carrier to pick his way fastidiously through these bodies for a long gain.

The Yale team was not a brand-new Yale team, in spite of the dreams of its supporters, based on the acquisition of a brand-new coach. This young hopeful, Howard Odell, has eliminated the huddle from the Yale scheme of things, but he hasn't yet been able to root out a more deep-seated and negative characteristic, the lack of offensive power. The Blue's best attacking weapon, to give you an idea, was its kicking, at least when executed by John Ferguson, the first-string fullback. Ferguson did some handsome punting last Saturday, but although it simplifies matters nicely for the man who's calling signals, it must be depressing to the boys in the stands to know that on the third down, Yale is going to choose to kick, that being the best ground-gaining tactic it has discovered. There were moments in the game when it looked as though the second-best weapon might be one Albert Mahoney, a fast sophomore back from Albany Academy, which some years ago gave Yale another fast Albert—Hessberg, to wit. Mahoney almost broke loose once or twice, and when



Cuisine equals the matchless accommodations and service at The Barclay in Philadelphia, which is why many of our guests ask for recipes. That's sincere praise.

The Barclay
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
in PHILADELPHIA
Arthur T. Murray
Managing Dir.

BENNY GOODMAN
IS AT THE HOTEL
NEW YORKER
PLUS A GREAT, ALL-NEW
ICE SHOW

Back to the good old ways in 10 seconds flat! Outside our door you're still in '42. Inside and, presto, you're back in the plush atmosphere of the '90's. And enjoying the same cuisine that used to make Diamond Jim's eyes sparkle like his diamonds.

374 FULTON ST BROOKLYN *famous for over 60 years*

Gage & Tollner's

Tale of Two Cities---

If you have business in Washington but can't get hotel reservations, do as many others are doing. Stop overnight in Baltimore at the nationally-famous Belvedere Hotel. 2 minutes from Penna. or B & O station—40 minutes, and you're in the nation's capital, relaxed for the day's work.

RATES: $3.50 up

THE Belvedere BALTIMORE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was hit, showed a commendable willingness to carry tacklers along with him. The trouble was that he always had a few to carry, a handicap that Bert Stiff, Bob Brundage, Bob Odell, and other Penn ball carriers weren't afflicted with. This Odell and the Yale coach, incidentally, are brothers, neither of whom showed much regard for his mother's wishes, as expressed before the game. She had said that she would like Yale, coached by Howie, her eldest, to win 26–20, with all of Penn's twenty points being scored by Bob, her youngest. Her youngest ran wild for most of the afternoon, but never quite managed to score. Her eldest apparently just didn't hear her at all.

IN line with a policy of maximum service to the reader at minimum risk to self, here is a prediction which, while it may stun nobody, at least fulfills the requirement of being made in advance of the event and also unequivocably names names: Army will win over Navy. The game won't be played until November 28th, but early performances indicate that Army, which beat Cornell last week 28–8, has a lively, aggressive team this year, whereas Navy, which lost to Princeton 0–10, has something less. Both Army and Navy, however, are in some danger of being eclipsed by any of a number of upstart, wartime service teams, notably the Great Lakes Training School and the naval preflight schools of Iowa, Georgia, and North Carolina. The Iowa outfit, which is coached by Lieutenant Colonel Bernie Bierman, has beaten Minnesota and Michigan on successive Saturdays.

HARVARD, which took sly advantage of the offside rule in the Penn game two weeks ago, was in no way punished last week by William and Mary. By virtue of a cagey shift now and then, the boys had trapped Penn linemen into violation of the neutral zone before the ball was snapped, thereby picking up a few yards on penalties. William and Mary, on the other hand, was once offside all by itself, with no enticement from the Harvards, who thereby gained five yards, scored a touchdown a few plays later, and came out of the game with a 7–7 tie. There is next to no justice. —D. L.

•

He is the son of Robert F. Branch, attached to the War Department in Washington and Mrs. Branch.—*Chicago News.*

That's the kind of loyalty that'll pull us through.

The Americas Agree on BACARDI!

GUATEMALA... No. 5 of a series of Latin-American sketches, portraying the picturesque and colorful Indian costumes still to be seen in the lands of the Good Neighbors.

The name Bacardi *must* be on the label. And Bacardi Cocktails *must* be made with Bacardi. (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936)

Si, Si, Señor! The incomparable Bacardi Cocktail must be made in a certain way . . . the way that is always refreshing, always correct and always welcome.

This is the way — the famous Recipe in Rhyme:

A LITTLE SOUR (*Juice of half a lime*)
A LITTLE SWEET (*Half-teaspoonful of sugar*)
THE TROPIC SUN (*A jigger of BACARDI . . . White or Silver*)
WITHOUT THE HEAT! (*Ice and shake thoroughly*)

IT'S FULL 89 PROOF FOR FULL FLAVOR!

BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1942

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANSACTION IN BOOKS

LAST summer an auction-minded friend and I attended a sale on West Twenty-second Street, where Miss Arline Judge, described in the catalogue as "actress and scholar," was disposing of her household goods. The appearance of a hundred or so books after a bewildering succession of Bohemian glass, satin sheets, and a Chinese dining room intoxicated me. Most of the volumes were stodgy classics glamorized with morocco, calf, and gilt. I bid on a few that looked really good, and was promptly outbid. Then a novel in two small volumes, "Peg Woffington," by Charles Reade, was put up. Remembering the pleasure I got, as a child, out of "The Cloister and the Hearth," I accepted the auctioneer's three-dollar come-on, and was left holding "Peg."

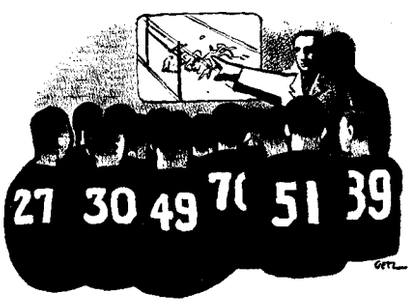
Unfortunately, "Peg" proved to be unreadable. It proved also that Charles Reade was a one-book novelist. On the other hand, these two volumes had been lovingly printed on special paper by the Grolier Club, which still has some reputation as a publisher of fine editions. Moreover, on the flyleaf of the first volume, I discovered that Austin Dobson had once presented my copy of "Peg" to a certain Joseph Knight. I knew about Dobson, of course. In a lit. class some twelve years ago, we had reluctantly discussed what was archly called *vers de société*: rondeau, rondel, villanelle, and Austin Dobson. Convinced that someone somewhere must cherish the signature of this master of light verse, I took "Peg" to a nearby basement bookshop on Fifty-ninth Street recently. The thin-faced, spectacled clerk hardly bothered to look up when I pointed out the rarities. "Ah, yes, a nice little item," he conceded. "You might try Brick Row."

With the help of the telephone directory, I found Brick Row Bookshop, Inc., in a building near Twelfth and Fifth. When I explained my errand to a clerk he led me into the office of Mr. Hackett, the president of the concern. It was lined with sombrely impressive folios and quartos and gave off a smell of well-preserved leather. Mr. Hackett, who resembled an elderly scholar more than a bookseller, handled my two little volumes with respect, while pointing out their shabbiness and warning me never to buy anything not in mint condition. As a member of the Grolier Club, he remembered when they had brought out "Peg." He explained that Joseph Knight, though now forgotten, had been a prominent publisher in the nineties. In fact, the combination of Grolier, Knight, and Dobson made my find a very interesting item indeed. Unfortunately, he could not use the books, since he specialized only in supplying libraries. He gave me the names and addresses of several shops that might be interested and looked up the price "Peg" had brought at auction several years before: eight dollars for a mint copy. With the Dobson presentation, mine should bring the same.

Having done his best for me, Mr. Hackett had my "Peg" wrapped in paper and sealing tape, and talked on charmingly about literary matters. He discovered I was fond of the seventeenth century cadences of Sir Thomas Browne, and, to my surprise, our rôles changed. No longer a salesman, I found I was on the verge of buying Browne's Collected Works in six volumes, bound in vellum. The set, in mint condition, was thirty dollars, but Mr. Hackett was willing to knock off five for a beginning collector like me and accept "Peg" as an additional five-dollar discount. Only the total impossibility of squeezing twenty dollars out of my income, or my friends, restrained me. I said I would let him know, and escaped.

THE first name on Mr. Hackett's list was James F. Drake, Inc., on Fortieth Street. The shop was brighter, the bindings newer, and here, too, the books looked expensive, rare, and in mint condition. Mr. Drake, younger and much more morose than Mr. Hackett, unwrapped my books gloomily. He said with some vehemence that he was not interested in them, that he could not understand why Mr. Hackett thought he would be interested. And even if he had been interested, who would dare to buy anything in a market like this? Look at the news. Look at the whole mess. Who cared about rare books in days like these? I apologized and left, though not before Mr. Drake, with funereal politeness, had my books rewrapped securely and suggested I might wander up to Brentano's.

At Brentano's, which was on Mr. Hackett's list anyway, I was referred to a brisk, birdlike man named Mr. Gomme. "I haven't seen this for some time," he murmured when he had untied Mr. Drake's knots. "I never could understand why the Grolier made some of its choices. This is such a stilted novel. Now, 'The Cloister and the Hearth' I reread every year or two." He talked on about his favorite while he examined "Peg." "No," he said finally, "I'm afraid I can't take it. Perhaps my brother, in the Edgar Wells shop on Fifty-sixth, would be interested."



Up on Fifty-sixth Street, Mr. Geoffrey Gomme was regretful. Not even Dobson presentations of Dobson's own books sold any more. He rewrapped my volumes and I took out Mr. Hackett's list and found the name of a bookstore on Fifty-fourth Street. When I got down there, a round-faced young man unwrapped them and shook his head. He was terribly sorry, but so far as he knew there were no Grolier collectors left.

Mr. Levinson, the last man whose name Mr. Hackett had given me, was out of town.

BY that time it was a matter of pride. Rid myself of "Peg" I must, if only in exchange for a twenty-five-cent thriller. I took a Madison Avenue bus to lower Fourth Avenue, where I knew I'd find any number of second hand bookstores. A businesslike man at Schulte's offered a dollar in trade and raised the ante fifty cents at the sight of Dobson's signature. I was willing to call it a deal, but I was also curious. I told him of the five-dollar discount I had been offered. He shrugged. It was the old come-on game, he said; the discount would be given to anyone who paid cash.

"It wasn't like that," I said, and explained.

He was impressed. "Mr. Hackett is tops," he said.

After digging about in some shabby tomes, he showed me that a set of Sir Thomas Browne like the one Mr. Hackett had tried to sell me had been sold for twelve dollars a few years before.

"Of course, that was before the war," he said. "Mr. Hackett may know it's impossible to get now, so a price jump is legal enough."

"But if you want a Browne," he went on, "I can give you a five-dollar discount on this set." He pulled out a thick book from a bookcase near the door. "Five dollars off, besides our summer twenty-per-cent discount. That

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would make it only four dollars. Of course that's in exchange for the books you have there."

I examined the volume of Browne and asked to see the remaining three. Condition good, though not mint. I had four dollar bills in my purse and I handed them over.

Since then I have wondered about this transaction. "Peg" netted me a paper profit of two dollars, but I am out another four, a total of seven, and I keep wondering what the four-volume 1846 edition of Sir Thomas Browne (condition good, but not mint) brought the last time it turned up for auction.

—Louise Anderson

•

LIFE'S ANGLES OF INCIDENCE

She really knows whereof she prates
In mentioning dihedral,
And torque, nacelles, and cruising rates;
Her dope is ex-cathedral
On superchargers, ailerons,
And such; she stumps her sisters
With stabilizers, longérons,
And greenhouses and blisters.

She speaks of rolls and pancakes, then
She mystifies her cooks
By veering queerly off again
To slips and landing hooks,
And sprinkles talk of thick pea soups
With slipstreams, spins, and louvers,
And Immelmanns and whipstalls, loops
And echelon maneuvers.

She knows her silhouettes by heart—
Not fashion's; they can wait—
But any airplane-spotting force
Would ticket her first-rate.
She knows her Fokkers, Messerschmitts,
And still more evil Zeros,
And what it takes to win a blitz
And what makes pilots heroes.

From Fortresses to fighter planes,
She's quick to recognize
Our Cobras, Lightnings, Hurricanes—
Most anything that flies.
Her ken of famous fliers beats
Who's Who in Aviation.
Don Mason, Wheless, Butch*—their feats
Engross her conversation.

She's definitely *not* a freak;
Just one of *hoi polloi,*
Those mothers who so meekly seek
To please a teen-age boy.

—Margaretta Byers

*Lieutenant Commander Edward O'Hare.

GOLD, TOPAZ-QUARTZ AND DIAMOND WATCH BRACELET $350.
GOLD AND AMETHYST BROOCH 27.
SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RINGS LEFT TO RIGHT $80. $175. 690.
TWELVE GLASS GOBLETS 17.
TWELVE COCKTAILS OR SHERRIES 16.

DIAMONDS OF FINE COLOR AND BRILLIANCY. A WIDE SELECTION OF JEWELRY AND WATCHES. LARGE STOCKS OF GLASSWARE, CHINA AND EARTHENWARE.

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

This is your Invitation
to join the world's leading After-Shave Club

Sign and mail this advertisement with ten cents. We'll send a bottle of Aqua Velva, world's leading after-shave.

Cool and brisk, Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer, refreshed. ELECTRIC SHAVERS use it before and after shaving.

Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-19, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: La Salle, Que.)

Name_____
Address_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you discovered the White Wines of California?

● Do you take more than ordinary pleasure in discovering a wine with unusual and satisfying character — a wine approaching greatness?

If so, we wine growers of California offer you an experience.

Go to your wine merchant. With his help select among the fine Sauternes of our own land. Or the Rhine Wines produced here. Or the native white table wines labeled with the name of the grape variety from which the wine was made.

Bring such a wine to your table well chilled. Serve it as you might the most costly wine you know.

You'll not be disappointed. For years of painstaking care have gone into the preparation of the wines now at your merchant's. We growers, who know firsthand what fine wine is, commend these excellent wines of ours to your good taste. Please try them. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco.

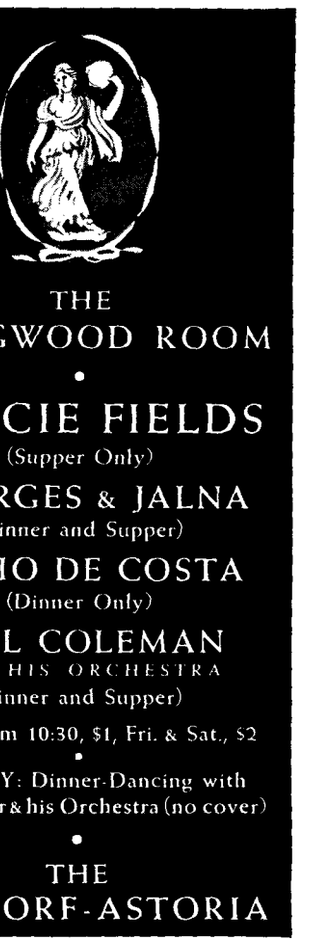
MUSICAL EVENTS

Revivals and a Première

BERLIOZ didn't think that a certain episode in his "Romeo and Juliet" symphony—the orchestral passage known as "Romeo in the Family Vault of the Capulets"—ought to be played except to "a select audience familiar in every respect with the fifth act of Shakespeare's tragedy, as conceived and represented by Garrick, and endowed with a highly poetic mind." Well, it was played, along with the rest of the symphony, at the opening concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony, and nobody asked the people who didn't know the Garrick version to get out of the auditorium while the vault music was being performed. Since none of the visitors seemed to be perplexed by the passage, it may be that everybody present had taken and passed an entrance exam on the scene in question.

Although it isn't necessary to be a specialist in versions of Shakespeare to understand any given part of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," it is, I think, necessary to be a Berlioz-fancier to enjoy the composition as a whole. Certain sections have become familiar at concerts, and the Queen Mab episode for orchestra is a staple. The parts that hadn't been played or sung much since Leopold Damrosch conducted the first complete New York performance of the work sixty years ago didn't, all told, seem to match the well-known items. For those who had read up on the romantic background of the music or were especially interested in Berlioz's melodic structure or his orchestral technique in relation to his times (possibly an examination on these subjects should have been ordered by somebody), there was, of course, consistent interest in the symphony, even when it went into its uneventful phases. To be entirely sold on the work, however, one has to be a Berliozealot.

Arturo Toscanini, who conducted the performance with his customary knowledge and understanding and power, made the most of the poetry, drama, and wit in the music, and gave the work a presentation that was as agreeable and persuasive as possible. There were a few fumbles in the orchestra and some moments of unconventional intonation, but



THE WEDGWOOD ROOM

GRACIE FIELDS
(Supper Only)

GEORGES & JALNA
(Dinner and Supper)

MARIO DE COSTA
(Dinner Only)

EMIL COLEMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Dinner and Supper)

Cover from 10:30, $1, Fri. & Sat., $2

SUNDAY: Dinner-Dancing with Mischa Borr & his Orchestra (no cover)

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

PEOPLE ARE TALKING!
. . . about "that wonderful catsup that's Tabasco*-flavored". This is it. The only one in the world. It is wonderful. Have you tasted it?
RITTER
Tomato CATSUP
Tabasco Flavored

RITTER
Tabasco* Flavored
CATSUP
P. J. RITTER COMPANY · Bridgeton, N. J.
*Our use of this product and its registered trademark is licensed by the McIlhenny Co.

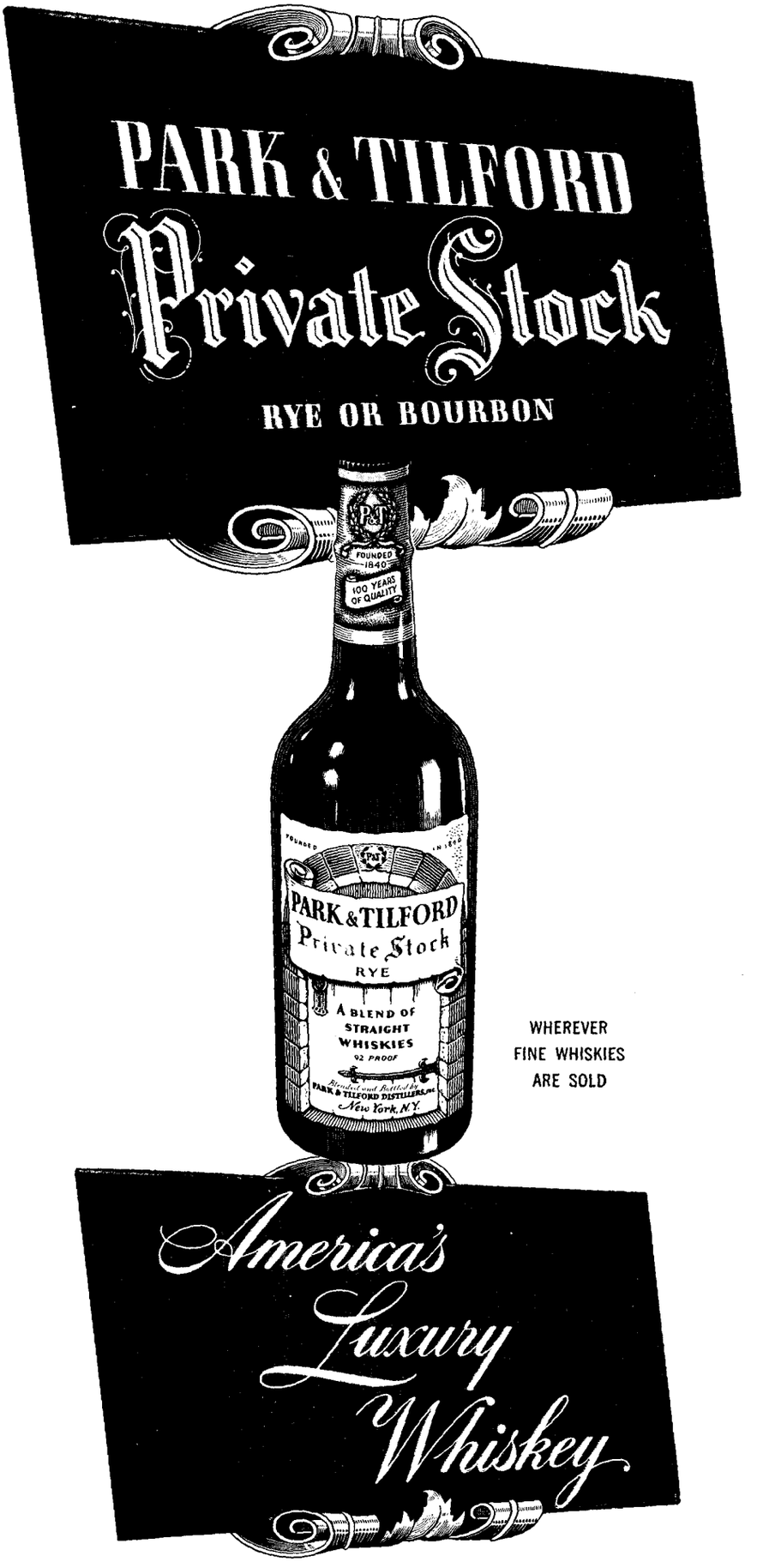
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these were incidents of no great consequence in a finely molded presentation. The Westminster Choir assisted with its customary skill, and Miss Jennie Tourel sang the mezzo-soprano solo so well that you felt sorry there wasn't more work for her to do. Jacques Gerard, one of the Metropolitan's latest acquisitions, contributed a bright bit of tenor song, and Nicola Moscona, of the Metropolitan bass staff, intoned Friar Lawrence's solemnities with adequate gravity.

THE Season of Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House got under way with a week of performances by the Ballet Theatre, and it didn't take more than a few minutes of "Swan Lake," which was the first section of the opening bill, to show that the dancers were doing their stuff with nimble assurance and that the good traditions of the company had been maintained. The orchestra, under Antal Dorati, played well, Baronova and Dolin (I'm told that with dancers it is correct to use only the last names) were expertly effective in the leading rôles, and it all was solid, as they say around musical comedies.

The first novelty was "Aleko," devised by Massine and Marc Chagall (Mr. Chagall is a designer and painter and not, so far as I know, a dancer, so his first name may be mentioned) to Erno Rapee's orchestrations of Tchaikovsky's trio for violin, 'cello, and piano. "Aleko" is based on a Pushkin poem, and it contains many of the ingredients that you'll find in durable ballet stories—gypsies, jealousy, murder, and local color. The plot isn't hard to follow, but it isn't the plot that makes "Aleko" good entertainment; it's the detail that Massine, as choreographer, has contrived. There's always something to look at, and although there are sags, which ought to be brought up to the level of the other material in the work, there's plenty of interesting and ingenious business. Markova, as Zamphira, had a special success, and Mr. Chagall's settings and dressings were odd and striking.

TO go back a bit, Carl Millöcker's "The Beggar Student" had its first showing in many seasons when it was revived in English at the Cosmopolitan Opera House, with many of the singers who appeared earlier this year in "The Bat" and "The Gypsy Baron." The old score stood up nicely and was well done, with extra credits to the conductor, Robert Stolz. Mr. Stolz's own ingratiating compositions in the Vien-



PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 92 PROOF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bosom Just a Trifle Large?
THEN . . . MAIDEN FORM'S "Allo-Ette"* IS YOUR BRASSIERE!
Designed with Maiden Form's well-known sense of "figure-fitness"—"Allo-Ette" gives slightly heavier-than-average bosoms just that extra fullness which makes such a difference in comfort and appearance. As in *all* brassieres by Maiden Form, "Allo-Ette's" adjustable back-fastenings and adjustable shoulder straps bring it so faithfully to your measurements that it seems "made-to-order" for you!
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
$1.00, $1.25 $1.50 and up
AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS

Maiden Form's *"Intimo" brassieres (left) give smart emphasis on the "dividing line" to *average* bosoms. Send for *free* Style Booklet N: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York, New York.
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

FINE GLOVES
★ *finger free knit broadcloth*

feather-weight toast warm leather trimmed
★ *designed by merry hull*
DANIEL HAYS
DANIEL HAYS
GLOVES SINCE 1854
★ U. S. PATS. 2,125,673 – 2,194,934 – 2,226,604

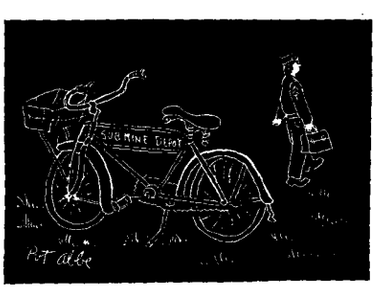
nese tradition, however, are not to be neglected in the present wave of Viennese musicals. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS
Lady Billie, Dinah Shore

BILLIE HOLIDAY, who usually records only for Columbia, has just done a guest shot for Capitol (No. 116) under the pseudonym of Lady Day, the respectfully affectionate name given her by some of her Harlem admirers, and quite a successful guest shot it is. Collaborating with no less an institution than Paul Whiteman's band, she tackles a number called "Trav'lin' Light," one of those bluesy, slow-moving pieces that seem just made to order for her because they give her a chance to sing all around rather than through them. I don't suppose composers mind very much what Miss Holiday does to their music, even when she tosses off a whole chorus without once bothering about the melody. For one thing, whatever she does sounds musically right, and for another, no composer has yet been known to complain that the sales of a piece slumped after Miss Holiday took a fancy to it.

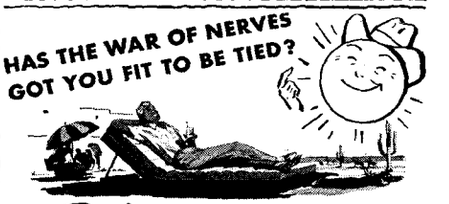
Well, anyway, both the singer and Mr. Whiteman do their smooth best by "Trav'lin' Light," and, just to top things off, the orchestra has an unusually good arrangement of the music to work with. On the other side of the record there's a generous helping of what used to be known as the Whiteman polish in a Jerome Kern and Johnny Mercer song called "You Were Never Lovelier," from a movie by the same name. Larry Neil sings this one and, what's more, sings the actual notes—which may not make him the individualist that Miss Holiday is, but you can chalk one up for his system, too.

ANOTHER Kern-Mercer song, "Dearly Beloved" (again the title piece of a movie), and another individualist, Dináh Shore, are brought together on Victor 27970. Even if you're not familiar with the tune of this one, the title should be enough to tell you it's



The Iridium Room

INFORMAL—NO COVER CHARGE
LUNCHEON—DINNER—SUPPER
Dinner and supper dancing . . .
PAUL SPARR and his orchestra alternating with ETHEL SMITH and her orchestra
Selective Luncheons from $1.50 (Also a la carte)
Selective Dinners from $3.50 (Also a la carte)
Minimum $1.50 after 10 P.M. (*Saturdays* $2)
To Men in Uniform — No Minimum Charge
THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET, NEW YORK

HAS THE WAR OF NERVES GOT YOU FIT TO BE TIED?

Relax in Arizona's DRY Sunshine Shangri-La
TUCSON
IN ALL AMERICA, there's nothing that compares with Tucson's health-giving, energy restoring climate! Its *dry*, tonic desert air makes you feel like a new person. Rest or play. You'll be enchanted with Tucson! Write today.
University of Arizona • Fine private schools • 500 miles inland • All-grass golf courses • Finest medical facilities.
WE URGE ADVANCE RESERVATIONS
TUCSON *Sunshine* CLIMATE CLUB
4250-A Rialto, TUCSON, Arizona
☆ *Please send me your free descriptive booklet.*
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____

RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL GUILD PLAYING CARDS
POPULARLY PRICED AT BETTER STORES
GUILD
Western Playing Card Co., Racine, Wis., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a good one for Miss Shore, who has a more subdued, cocktail-lounge approach to music than Miss Holiday. The same is true of the piece on the other side of this record—"Why Don't You Fall in Love with Me?"—a doleful, late-in-the-evening kind of ballad. Miss Shore makes the most of both numbers and gets corking support from an orchestra directed by Paul Wetstein.

IN the following list of some of the best dance recordings of the moment, swing and just plain hot music are indicated by an asterisk:

"C" Blues* and Brown Suède—Barney Bigard and his orchestra. Mr. Bigard's band is an offshoot of Duke Ellington's, which means that satisfaction with these two numbers is practically guaranteed. "'C' Blues," though swing, is softly played throughout, except for one point at which the leader takes off on a really quickening solo flight with his clarinet. "Brown Suède" moves along in suave and dreamy fashion. (*Bluebird B-11581*)

Ride On* and It's Sand, Man*—Count Basie and his orchestra. Music for the zoot-suit set on both sides, and a must for any library of hot ones. The Count really whips up not only his keyboard but also his men in this pair of bristling numbers. Earl Warren does the vocal of "Ride On" in the proper spirit. (*Columbia 36647*)

Happy Mood and Lullaby of the Rain—Glen Gray and his orchestra. Versatility and then some. "Happy Mood," a nimble piece, for which that up-and-coming composer, Toots Camarata, is responsible, is given a number of sprightly flourishes, while "Lullaby of the Rain" is deliberately kept in check for people who sometimes like to dance to their dance music. (*Decca 18471*)

If I Cared a Little Bit Less and Taboo—Sammy Kaye and his orchestra. "If I Cared a Little Bit Less" is actually only half the title of a smooth-flowing tune, the rest, of course, being "And You Cared a Little Bit More." The piece itself is done in the customary Kaye style, which is really an engaging amalgamation of styles. Don Cornell sings the vocal. "Taboo," until now heard mostly in Spanish, turns up here with English lyrics, which Cornell, Tommy Ryan, and the Kaye Glee Club go to work on admirably. (*Victor 27972*)

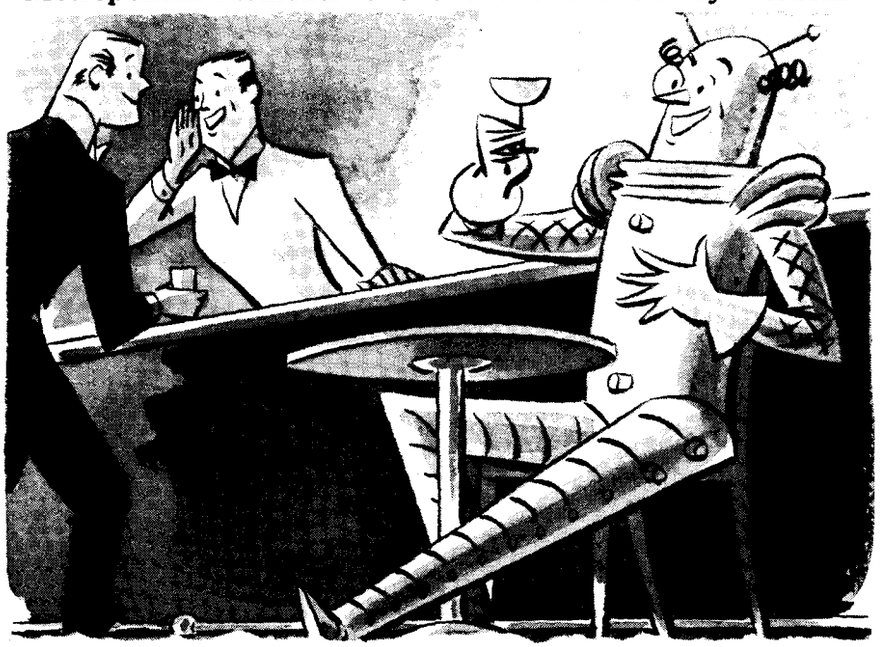
Manhattan Serenade and Daybreak—Harry James and his orchestra. Two adaptations of well-known instrumental compositions, "Manhattan Serenade" being derived from the Lou Alter piano piece of the same name, and "Daybreak" from the Ferde Grofé "Mississippi Suite" for orchestra. Both are temperate and tasty, and, moreover, the James forces get busy on them in the best James manner. Helen Forrest sings "Manhattan Serenade" with considerable feeling, and Johnny McAfee does the same for "Daybreak." (*Columbia 36644*) —Offbeat

•

The fog gradually lifted and dispersed and suddenly—they could hardly believe their ears—they heard a horse voice calling "Hello! Hello!"—*The Times.*

One of those animals that strike up an acquaintanceship easily.

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by Wisdom



"He says it's worth the trip from Mars to sip a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve"

Yes, among the Seven Modern Wonders of this world, Calvert Reserve rates well up top. For this extra-quality whiskey has a subtle way of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its elusive "soft" flavor stirs the most critical palate to praise. Next time you order Manhattans, speak up for Calvert Reserve . . ."*the choicest you can drink or serve*".

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PATEK PHILIPPE

New York and Geneva

ESTABLISHED 1839

A design of all-occasion suitability, a favorite of women busy with social and business affairs. One of the noted Patek, Philippe line of watches for men and women, which have enjoyed an inimitable reputation for accuracy and craftsmanship for over a century. At leading jewelers.

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Jupiter in Paris—"Hostages"

THE childhood of Victor Marie Hugo was martial, and afterward he liked to fancy that he had been swaddled in "battle-torn regimental flags." His father was a Napoleonic general and his mother soon became the tender intimate of a second. Little Victor, incessantly in transit, observed the helmets and spectres of Continental war streaming past him from Elba to the Alps.

He was bred in the complex emotions of Bonapartism. Dictatorial repression and the shout for liberty in the same breath, ghastly battles, Revolutionary and sexual ardor, the cult of France, the cult of antique Romanism, *la gloire*—all these were his métier, the sea in which he swam. He would never be satisfied, later on, with the contracted scale and sonority of everyday life. What could he become, considering the nature and galaxy of his talents, but the child of glory, the explorer of the infinite, the "King of Poets"?

Matthew Josephson doesn't labor this interpretation in his new biography, called, simply, "Victor Hugo," but he makes it plain enough. Hugo, of course, has long been duck soup for the memoirists—an authentic great man, a phenomenon. His fame swept up at the end of the Napoleonic era and burned like a brightening star through the turbulent mid-nineteenth century and into the Third Republic. In his career, erected step by step, each higher than the previous one, there was a structure of inevitable climax no one could miss. Poet, novelist, playwright, pamphleteer, founder of literary schools, orator, politician, augur, tribune of the people—his talents were seemingly endless. If Zola could be called the conscience of France, then Hugo was her heart—her evil heart, the conservatives believed. He lived as freely as Jupiter, juggling a wife and family, two mistresses, and scads of occasional women with a quiet, almost superhuman dexterity that left him amazingly beloved by all concerned. A romantic biographer could hardly escape Victor Hugo.

Mr. Josephson, thank God, is not that. He tries a different and bolder tack. Drawing on a small paper mountain of Hugo materials made available during the last thirty years, he undertakes to sort out the man from the cloud, to write a realistic life of the arch-romantic. As in some of his earlier books, the author's main point of inquiry is: How did the artist reconcile his private work with his public duty?

In this case, I think, the question becomes to some degree artificial. Almost from the beginning, and in a very conscious sense, Hugo seems to have adopted the point of view of a "public" man. Like Whitman, and Tolstoy in his later phase, he came to regard himself more and more as the preceptor of the people, of humanity. He first won notice with topical verses, and the furor of the claques on the celebrated opening night of his play, "Hernani," was a stroke of careful and brilliant publicity. Hugo, quite simply, had a mission. He wanted to be heard by everybody within hearing distance, and he went about it as practically as a man operating a siren.

Hugo's political development gives Mr. Josephson a much more fruitful field. Here we may note the poet's tortoise-like growth from the clerical Bourbonism handed down to him by his mother to the fervent Christian socialism of his last phase. Even at the end, although he had served as a peer of France, we may surmise that he knew hardly as much about practical politics as young Whitman did during his salad years in Brooklyn. But Hugo appealed over the head of politics, in a hundred causes, to the "sentiments" of humanity, and Mr. Josephson tells us that his influence in France—perhaps all over Europe—may justly be compared to Lincoln's in America.

This is a powerful and entertaining biography, on the whole, though Mr. Josephson leaves us with a good many conundrums unanswered. Perhaps that couldn't be helped. The task was gargantuan. If he fails now and again (as he fails, I think, to indicate the lit-

"And what's the rap if I don't choose to pay the fine?"

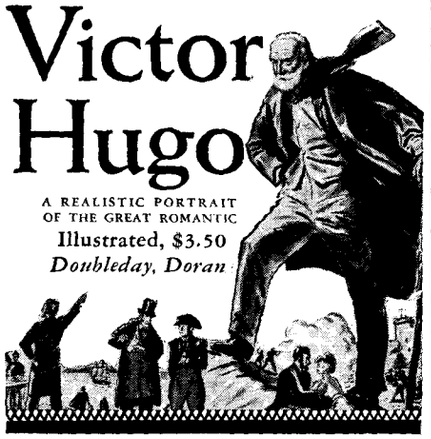
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matthew Josephson's

great new biography..

The author of *The Robber Barons, Emile Zola* and frequent *New Yorker* profiles now tells the exciting story of Victor Hugo, the most typical of all Frenchmen — typical of French courage, talent and human shortcomings. A vast pageant of the 19th Century passes through the pages of this volume—and, above all, towers the figure of Hugo—poet, great lover, and fighter for the Freedom of Man.

Victor Hugo



A REALISTIC PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT ROMANTIC

Illustrated, $3.50

Doubleday, Doran

LEARN SPANISH

THE LANGUAGE OF TOMORROW'S BUSINESS BY PLAYING CARDS

It's easy to learn to speak, read and write Spanish this popular new way...and it takes only ⅓ of the time usually required to master a foreign language. Play Solitaire or play the Course with a member of your family or while you entertain friends. Prepares for the thousands of post-war opportunities that will be available to Spanish-speaking men and women when trade with our Latin-American neighbors is at its peak. Remember...2, 3 or 4 persons can learn at no extra cost. 4 decks of cards and Cloth-Bound Text Book, only $2 postpaid.

French course ... also $2.

RODALE PRESS Emmaus, Penna. Dept. NY-9

CAFE LOUIS XIV

NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT

CUISINE CLASSIQUE · VINS FINS · BAR AMERICAIN

William Adler and his Violin nightly except Sunday

LUNCHEON Prix-Fixe 1.50

PRE-THEATRE DINNER from 2.00

A LA CARTE SPECIALTIES

JACQUES BONAUDI, MGR. • PHONE CIRCLE 6-5800

15 W. 49th ST. in ROCKEFELLER CENTER

erary fecundity of the Romantic movement around Hugo) he makes up for it in the remarkable final chapters. His portrait of Mme. Drouet, his famous mistress, is undoubtedly the best in English, and his treatment of the rumored business between Adèle Hugo and Sainte-Beuve—no business, actually, as he shows—reveals Hugo's young friend and critic as a very sinister little Gidean rabbit, a type of neurotic that only Stendhal, perhaps, could have understood in his own time. The volume is illustrated with line drawings by Hugo and others, and with photographs of him as well as of some of his contemporaries.

A FIRST novel published this week —"Hostages," by Stefan Heym —is efficient enough to recall Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," which it resembles in both situation and treatment, though it isn't quite that much of a book. Still, it's a lot of book.

I realize, of course, that the word "efficient" is a queer tag for a novel, but it may help us to understand the methods of the new clinicians of terror: the aseptic detail, the note of toneless objectivity, the surgical deftness of procedure, and the cool, psychiatric interest in behavior under stress.

Ever since Malraux wrote the granddaddy of the genre, "The Conquerors," way back in the nineteen-twenties, stories of this kind have abided by certain laws. The emotion in them is intellectual or neural, including their primary emotion—an early-Christian dedication to humanity as embodied in some political party or organization. Very often they have an effect of clear and intense hallucination, partly because, as in a nightmare, a character can't fight or run when his instinct tells him to. He's got to stick. The organization, which he identifies with humanity, is immortal. He himself, beyond a certain narrow range of action, is fated. Sometimes, reading these stories, I confess I get a positive nostalgia for good old lone-wolf Vic Jordan.

However, I trust you won't allow any of this tall talk to prejudice your mind against a novel as good as "Hostages." For one thing, despite a few minor lapses, it's a terrifyingly effective narrative. A German officer kills himself in Prague. The Gestapo rounds up the customers and staff of the café he has just left, and Reinhard Heydrich (who appears under his own fair name) notes that these prisoners include the head of the Czech coal syndicate. He decides to execute them all as hostages for the officer's "murder," thus releasing the coal

As a prose artist GYPSY ROSE LEE operates with the Queen's English. She describes writing as "making with the book words," a second draft as "cooking it again," and herself as "the girl with the diamond-studded navel." Her new novel, *Mother Finds a Body*, is written in the sharp, witty, economical lingo of the theatre—of burlesque, state fairs, border town saloons; of comics, strippers, straight-men and prims.

GYPSY ROSE LEE first broke into print when she guest-wrote a column for WALTER WINCHELL. Then she stripped for literary action and produced *The G-String Murders*, which was called "a social document" by *Time*, and proved it by breaking modern mystery sales records.

Now, with her second book, comes the inevitable question: "Can GYPSY do it again?" First review of *Mother Finds a Body* answers that question and shows why booksellers' advance orders took the book through two editions, 15,000 copies, before publication. Says WILL CUPPY, in the New York *Herald Tribune Books*: "*Mother Finds a Body* is every bit as good as *The G-String Murders*, if not superior in some ways. For our money, she can go on writing bafflers with a show business background as long as she can think up the funny stuff that puts them over so resoundingly. We can't see how anybody, no matter how pure in heart, would pass up a tome with so many sure-fire laughs, so much engaging personality between its covers."

Yep, GYPSY ROSE LEE has cooked it again.

MOTHER FINDS A BODY

By Gypsy Rose Lee

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00

PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOO GOOD FOR WORDS

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR

MARNIER-LAPOSTOLLE, INC.
MORRISVILLE, PA.

trust to more suitable owners—the Nazis. What happens to five of the hostages, and to a Czech girl, an underground agent, and the Gestapo Commissioner Reinhardt makes the author's story.

I should warn you that the book includes a torture scene and a rape that belong among the most hideous in fiction. But it also brings us Mr. Heym's triumphant working-out of his knowledge that the terrorist, too, is terrified and can be slain with his own fear.

—VINCENT MCHUGH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE YOUNG MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern. Miss Stern adds a new panel to her chronicles of the enchanting Rakonitz family. A little special, perhaps, and not easy to follow if you're not already acquainted with the characters. But almost no one is as skillful as the author in the characterization of women, and she writes with extraordinary fluency and distinction.

NORMA ASHE, by Susan Glaspell. About a girl in a small Western college who develops a fuzzy brand of idealism, which gives way under the strain of economic pressure. The lives of four other students are linked in a pointless crisscross of plot to that of the heroine, who in her old age recaptures the faith of her youth. Faith in what is never stated. When the story is concerned with the difficulties of running a second-rate rooming house, it is interesting and credible, but, unfortunately, most of the book is taken up with talk that might have come straight from the pages of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

COARSE GOLD, by Edwin Corle. A gold rush in 1892 and a tungsten rush in 1942, and life in a ghost town in the Nevada desert in between, form the background for some very happy philosophical speculation. This subject matter is worthier of Mr. Corle's fine talent than any he has hit on up to now and there is an added robustness of style, which ought to relieve him once and for all from any further comparison with Robert Nathan. The brief glimpses into the lives of the dead and gone prospectors of the gold-rush era have something of the disturbing veracity of "Spoon River."

GENERAL

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS, by Stanley Johnston. The author was aboard the aircraft carrier Lexington on her

...pleasure hours

The Magnavox Belvedere will bring you endless hours of pleasure and relaxation. You'll thrill to its superbly life-like tone on records or radio . . . regular broadcast, or FM. There is a charm that never grows old in its exquisite Chippendale cabinet. This, and other Magnavox furniture models (without substitute materials or sacrifice in quality) are still available in America's fine stores!

MAGNAVOX
The Oldest Name in Radio
THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • DIVISION NY • FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

"We like the St. Moritz because it's Different"

Distinctive Continental atmosphere and service . . . smart location overlooking the park . . . heavenly food in Manhattan's most unusual restaurants! Economical monthly rates.

ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 Central Park South, New York
Home of Rumpelmayer and the Cafe de la Paix
NEW YORK'S only TRULY CONTINENTAL HOTEL

1·2·3
Roger Stearns
Open 5 P.M. Daily
COCKTAILS - DINNER - SUPPER
Miss Myra Kingsley, Astrologist
123 East 54th St. - PLaza 3-9131

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last cruise and stayed with her during the Battle of the Coral Sea, in which she was mortally damaged by enemy torpedoes. He turns in one of the best battle stories so far, a fine job of observation and plain writing, filled in with the reports of other witnesses and a detailed account of how the carrier crews work and fight. Official U. S. Navy photographs, and drawings by Gary Sheehan.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE LIGHT, by Amelie Posse-Brázdová, translated from the Swedish by Grenville Grove. The author of "Sardinian Sideshow" recalls her girlhood on her father's seaside estate in Sweden during the period 1888-97. Chatty, tranquil, and sprinkled with the names of famous visitors.

CARRY ME BACK, by Rebecca Yancey Williams. The rememberings of another lady, this time the author of "The Vanishing Virginian," who did her growing-up in Lynchburg just before the first World War. Virginia was livelier than Sweden but also girlier.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE FIFTH COLUMN, by George Fort Milton. The title isn't strictly descriptive. Mr. Milton, an able commentator on the Civil War, is dealing here to some extent with all the elements that challenged Lincoln's policies in the North: the Democratic loyal opposition and the ultra-loyal Radical Republicans, as well as out-and-out traitors, Southern sympathizers, and the miscellaneous crew of draft-evaders, Butternuts, Copperheads, Knights of the Golden Circle, and so forth. Absorbing stuff, much of it fresh from the archives. Rather loose writing, however. Illustrated.

CANADA, TODAY AND TOMORROW, by William Henry Chamberlin. One of our ablest reporters gives us an equable, understanding, up-to-the-minute survey of Canada at war. Perhaps the chief point he makes is that the Canadian and American economies are growing closer and closer together and that, to some degree at least, this tendency may be expected to survive the war.

VERSE

SONNETS TO ORPHEUS, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated, and with a foreword and notes, by M. D. Herter Norton. A literal version of the great sonnets, printed with the originals, that has qualities which raise it well above the trot class.

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER, by Randall

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Since 1765, through all the devastating wars, business peaks and depressions, the name ★★★Hennessy has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy at its best.

Though no shipments of ★★★Hennessy Cognac have been made from the "occupied zone" of France to the United States since May, 1940, it is possible that your local dealer may still have a bottle of genuine ★★★Hennessy Cognac for you.

It is suggested that the incomparable flavour, bouquet and "clean taste" of ★★★Hennessy be reserved for those special occasions that merit nothing less than this fine Cognac.

QUALITY ★
BOUQUET ★
CLEAN TASTE ★

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France.
JAS HENNESSY & CO, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FEW "BRUSH UP" LESSONS

...will make a world of difference in your dancing

CAN YOU dance the new steps of the Rumba or Fox Trot? If not, put yourself in the hands of an Arthur Murray teacher—and you'll dance with confidence in a few hours. Dancing is lots more fun for you and your partner when you know the latest steps. You'll enjoy learning the fascinating Rumba and Fox Trot. And you'll dance with poise, assurance and wonderful new pleasure.

Enroll today while pre-season rates are in effect. Surprise your friends at next party. Studios open daily until 10 P. M. for visitors.

ARTHUR MURRAY
11 E. 43rd Street

Chocolates . . . The gift that'll be remembered. Miss Saylor's Gold Remembrance Assortment. Luscious, homey-tasting French Cream chocolates and chewy chews made of pure cream and fresh table butter. Dipt in fine-flavored, fresh, dark and milk chocolate.

1 lb. 10 oz. . $2.15 5 lbs. . $6.50

Coffee-ets . . . For a Christmas "pepper-upper" send Miss Saylor's Coffee-ets. These smooth, small nips of pure cream and real coffee candy. They're as bracing as a cup of morning coffee and just as welcome. Individually wrapped, they go anywhere and keep perfectly. Grand for the boys in service.

7½ oz. . . . 60¢ 1 lb. . . . $1.10

This year please order early. If your dealer does not carry Miss Saylor's Candies write us.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
Incinell Avenue • Alameda, California

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

• CHINA • JAVA • CELEBES • ENGLAND •
INDIA • PORTUGAL
SOUTH AMERICA
• SWITZERLAND • SWEDEN • CAPE COD •

Gifts *HUNDREDS OF UNUSUAL GIFTS from the Whole Wide World*

The NEW Catalogue of Kellogg Selections is full of original and surprising "Finds" all pictured and described for you. Inviting prices . . . more than 200 at less than $2. Each article is attractively wrapped and comes to you postage paid with our guarantee of your complete satisfaction.

Write NOW for your Free Copy ROBERT W. KELLOGG CO. *72 Hillman St., Springfield, Mass.*

Jarrell. A first volume of poems by a young writer who has distinguished himself as a witty and uncompromising critic of poetry. Many signs of real power and originality are discernible, although the Auden wrappings are fairly heavy.

A TREASURY OF GREAT POEMS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN, edited by Louis Untermeyer. This large (1,288 pages) volume begins with selections from the King James Version and ends with examples from the works of contemporary Britons and Americans. Mr. Untermeyer is not without taste and learning, but the pervasive tone of the book is that of a Cook's tour, with the editor as tourist-herder-in-chief.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEEP LAY THE DEAD, by Frederick C. Davis. Mathematics and murder are bound up in an effort by the Axis to steal a secret military cipher which its experts have been unable to crack and which is hidden in the Pennsylvania farmhouse of elderly Dr. Chandler. Rig Webb, ex-Dartmouth mathematics instructor, runs down an Axis agent in a houseful of snowbound weekenders. Much shooting in the dark, but sound stuff on Black Chamber ciphers.

MOTHER FINDS A BODY, by Gypsy Rose Lee. Gypsy and her bridegroom, Biss Brannigan, on a trailer honeymoon, accompanied by her mother, two burlesque comics, and a brace of strip artistes, stop off at a tourist camp at Ysleta, a Texas border town. Three murders take place in rapid succession in a frenzied atmosphere —pure ozone to those who enjoy breathing it. Brannigan finally catches the guilty person. Set down in the idiom of border honky-tonk.

THE MOVING FINGER, by Agatha Christie. Poison-pen letters lead to murder in the peaceful English village where Jerry Burton, an aviator who has been hurt in a bad crackup, has gone to recuperate. Burton regains his health, helps Miss Marple, amateur detective extraordinary, discover the murderer, and finds a wife in this gay, witty mystery. Mrs. Christie proves once more that she knows all the answers.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Denver Rocky Mountain News*]

WHIRLY LOSES GREAT
FINISH TO WIN EASILY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WELL DONE!

Getting Extra use from vital materials deserves an Extra good drink—made with "America's Best"

AMERICA *Makes the Best* OF EVERYTHING!

THE BEST OF THE TIMES... and the Best of Products in every field, including the World's Best Whiskey! Schenley gives you the best whiskies from Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Maryland—blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness. Try it!

Drink **SCHENLEY** *America's Best*

THE TASTE IT TAKES FOUR STATES TO MAKE

SCHENLEY, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. SCHENLEY RESERVE, 67% Grain Neutral Spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof.
Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

"Tobacco"... Still life painted in the tobacco country by Thomas Hart Benton.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf . . . These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED